NUMBER 7

1.50

Paradise

For a glimpse of some highlights of a typical nudist activity that the reporter may have seen please turn the page-

nothing. I was numb.

Dobbs paused beside a well-built, young man, then turned back to me. "Ted, I'd like you to meet Mr. Reed."

The young man smiled and extended a hand. "Glad to know you."

"Same here," I said, "but the name is Wright."

"Sure," he said, "we're all on a first name basis around here."

Dobbs explained, "Mr. Reed is a reporter for Topics Magazine."

"Not Topics," I corrected, "— Top-Pix. It's sort of a play on words."

The young man nodded. "I'm familiar with it."

"Ted's a writer himself," Dobbs told me.

"Oh?"

"Associate Editor on Nudist Camp Digest. I thought he might be able to assist you."

"Just sing out," Ted said. "If there's anything I can do—"

"I'd appreciate that."

"Let me show you around."

This Ted turned out to be a rather interesting person; that is, as writer's go. He, and the others at the convention as well, gave me every consideration. I had a little difficulty at first trying not to catch too much of the nudist's nudity in the group shots. I had worked only with posed models before and that was a relatively simple matter. Fortunately, Ted disclosed a few secrets to me which were of immeasurable help. Otherwise you would have had to crop the pix, leaving only heads. Pix and copy should be on your desk in a few short days.

By the way, Gil, I didn't become al all aroused. That's what I don't understand. You think I'm all right; you think there's something wrong with me?

It is now one-thirty in the morning out here, so I'll bid you a fond good night.

Good night,
Reed

P.S. Don't bother me until the 21st, because I've decided to spend the rest of the week at Blue Lake, having some fun for a change. Nuts to Hollywood Boulevard!

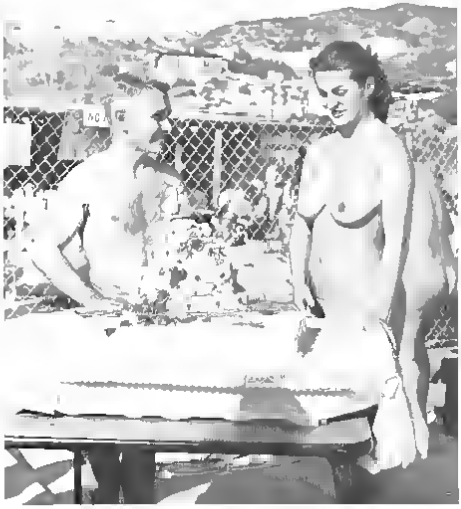
MARDI

GRAS

In living up to a promise of a lively year-long season of nudist activities. Olive Dell Ranch near Colton. California. came through with a surprise celebration of their recent anniversary.

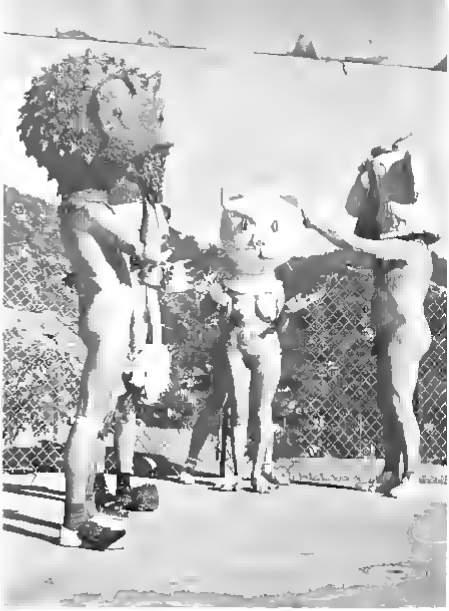
The theme for this successful event was a Mardi Gras that featured a most unusual array of shoulders-up costumes. This costuming idea took some doing. but as usual, nudists possess exceptional talents that with ingenuity and tedious hours created large, colorful and imaginative headpieces that were inspired by the animal kingdom.

The fiery red headpiece won first award. The attractive lady should be happy—she designed it The princess is amused when the contestants growl mischieviously



Manager Bill Kiesel has a difficult time restraining his happiness as he recounts to Donna his gratitude for the popularity of his park that resulted from teamwork among all members

Perhaps this gent s costume wasn t as elaborate as the others, nevertheless he participated in the competition for awards While below, Bill Kiesel lends a hand while the prince and princess slice the delicious cake for distribution to all guests.



Of course the rule of shoulders-up costume was bent a bit when other accessories were worn on the hands and feet to complement the costume. Below Several participants rested weary shoulders when they removed their "heads"

THE SUNNY SIDE

Who needs a sense of humor, anyway?

By Donald Johnson • Almost everyone who lives something more than an inert life has a cause in which he or she is interested. It may range from a fervent religious crusade to the welfare of a baseball team. It may be the prevention of cruelty to animals, stimulating interest in fine art, or a desire to see a chosen political party in power. Out of the divisions of ideas come opinions, out of the multitude of opinions the sieve of time sifts out those good ones which mean specific progress: better ways of teaching, faster airplanes, or the now universal paper handkerchiefs. • In the midst of all this there is one element that often serves to distinguish the capable workers from the fanatics. This is the wonderful gift of being able to laugh at one's self, to be devoted to something and yet still be able to relax and let the seriousness give way to the gentle and redeeming touch of humor. • The single-minded fa-

Left: A view of spacious Olive Dell Ranch near Colton California. Photo by Jim Cameron

nudist never appreciates this. The slightest suggestion that everything about his dedication is not deadly serious makes him erupt like a geyser, or, if he has better manners conceal his fury within himself. In either event he has disconnected himself from the rest of humanity except for those few who may share his convictions with equal lack of breadth. He becomes a lonely person, galled and unhappy.

Most people who believe in something strongly would like to win converts. To do so they must convince others that here is something worthy, something important, in which they should take a part. Not many will turn to follow a leader, however, if his head never turns and his eyes never blink. He is not of this world, at least not of the rest of common humanity. Ironically, his very unflagging dedication somewhat defeats his purpose since he appeals to many simply as a crackpot.

The people who achieve great successes in public popularity are almost always gifted with the ability to laugh, the rest of the population admires them for it and laughs with them—not at them.

Mr. Justice Holmes when he presided over the Supreme Court, held what was probably the most dignified and tradition bound office in the country. The Supreme Court is the final authority, the voice of the Constitution, even the President is subject to its authority. Of all of the great decisions which Mr. Justice Holmes handed down, none are as well known as his exclamation when the ninety-year-old jurist observed a pert young thing on the streets of Washington. "Oh to be seventy again," he sighed, and the nation loved him for it.

Some people think that the nudist idea is very funny. Having no experience and not knowing what nudist parks are like they tell jokes about mosquitoes, poison ivy and a great many other things which will not be referred to here in print. Some few *nudists* see *no* humor in sunbathing at all. Between these two extremes is the great body of nudists (no pun intended) who are able to laugh at the good jokes about nudism and who occasionally come up with a few of their own. This is the leavening of the loaf which proves to many non-nudists that the sunbathers don't take themselves *too* seriously, and therefore probably are solid citizens after all.

Of course, a lot of funny things happen at nudist resorts, just as they do in machine shops, on golf courses, and in the aggregate offices of large corporations. Wherever people gather together for work or play, some day someone will sneeze out his upper plate or change the diapers on the wrong baby. We are all prone to error, and now and then we pull a beaut. Every newspaper man knows the deadly fun which lies concealed in typographical errors—they never come out innocent gibberish, they always spell something, and usually something which should *never* have been put into type in any form.

Almost everyone in the New York press remembers the horror that blighted the life of a noted columnist when he wrote the innocent sentence '——— ——— (an extremely well known entertainment personality) will remain in New York for a few days before returning to the coast.' The 'd' in the sentence was set with a broken character and the loop did not print. The resulting announcement which greeted the city's millions when the paper hit the street was sensational.

Because nudists are human, precisely like everyone else, errors occur, coincidences take place and circumstances conspire to make the impossible as firm a reality as the volleyball court. And by the blessing of Heaven, nudists have the incomparable gift of seeing the lighter

True happiness among people. Those who ha hatred are usually th characteristics in acce

ties with cheer fel possess reticence

side—the sunny side would be a better word in this case—and they can tell, and laugh at, stories about themselves.

If they hadn't been able to do that, they would never have survived here as a group for those more than three decades and achieved the popularity which they now enjoy.

It was hot that day at Sunny Rest Lodge. The sun beat down on the Pennsylvania hills with all the enthusiasm it normally has for southern California. The grounds were thickly sprinkled with groups of members on a certain Saturday morning, the volleyball court was crowded, and beside the swimming pool there was a

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lone girl her hands close to her neck holding onto the edges of her 'transition suit.' The role of a Sunny Rest invention. It is a terry cloth shorts which a first time female visitor is offered if she wants it. It comes down just far enough to satisfy the squeamish, and fits loosely without buttons or anything to tie. Newcomers who think they will have trouble making the grade are offered a robe. Quite quickly they discover that it is as conspicuous as a beatnik at a meeting of the John Birch Society, and off it comes.

The girl, hitching the robe balanced experimentally on her toes and peered down into the water. Strangely, she had it all to herself—or so it appeared to her: there was no one in the pool.

But the snack bar is right beside the pool at Sunny Rest. And at the snack bar there was a young man who looked very out of place—he had on a shirt and trousers. And he was watching her.

When the girl turned and looked at him he felt he had to say something. "Your first time?" he asked.

"Yes. Yours?"

He nodded. "Do you like to swim?"

"Of course. Do you?"

At that moment the spark struck: she found a way out. "All right," she said drawing a quick breath. "If you will, I will!" In one quick movement she slipped the robe from her shoulders, paused a scant moment on the edge of the pool and dove cleanly into the water.

When her head broke the surface she swung around. "Come on," she said. "I did."

The young man looked quickly around, hesitated an instant and then stepped out of his garments. A few seconds later he too was in the pool.

It was the girl's turn to say something. "Did you come with your family?" she asked.

"No," the young man sighed while he wiped the water from his eyes. "Hardly. I'm from the State Health Department. I'm here to test the drinking water."

One like that happens only rarely, unfortunately, although it lingers on in retrospect for years. It is told almost as often as an incident at Sandy Terraces, where the volleyball court is only a comparatively few feet from a main Cape Cod highway. Between the court and the road there is a high, thick tangle of shrubbery and trees quite impossible to see through. One Sunday afternoon, in the midst of a particularly hot volleyball match, the ball itself went flying over the natural fence, out onto the highway, and began to roll down a long hill.

If you have ever been to a nudist park you know that in a very few minutes you forget all about not being dressed; it is so natural. You can see of course what happened. One of the players dashed through the gate after the ball, and pursued it hotly on foot for several hundred feet down the highway. The busy highway.

Probably a good many of those motorists didn't know there was a nudist park in the vicinity. They all know it now. By great good fortune a police car happened to be on the spot. It gave sanctuary to the suddenly violently embarrassed nudist who had come to a realization of his position. He was driven back in the seclusion of the nudist park, where his roll-a-thrill teammates were becoming quite concerned over his precipitate sortie.

These incidents are typical of the things which can and do happen to inject a vein of humor into nudist activities. More to the point of this discussion, perhaps, are the quips which the nudists invent and tell about themselves. The very fact that they do so proves they do not take themselves too seriously, and that is a real saving feature for any group which wants to get along with, and be respected by, the rest of the social community.

Most of this type of nudist humor is on the gentle side. The swift, sharp barbs don't seem to fit as well as the more subtle types of fun-making in which the nudists most often indulge. A nudist artist threw an announcement cartoon, for the upcoming American Sunbathing Association annual convention, which delighted a wide nudist audience. He used one of his standard characters, an unconsciously innocent sweet young thing named Sunny who frequently appears in the nudist press. In this instance Sunny was seen, quite nude as usual, looking up

on a tree a sign announcing the convention. In the background there was a visible stretch of public highway where the carnage of piled up cars testified to the number of drivers who had been unable to keep their eyes on the road.

Sunny typifies the nudist appreciation of the spectacular aspects of the nudist idea when it is viewed by the general public. "What is more restful and relaxing in the nudist park would be quite amusing in the town square and the nudists know it thoroughly. It's so wonderful to be able to nap in the sun away from prying eyes!" Sunny tells her nudist friends. They cannot see that on her freshly sun tanned back there is the clear outline of a hovering helicopter.

The people who visit nudist parks on business are a favorite subject of nudist humor. The bread man, the milk drillers, the taxi drivers who deliver and pick up guests, the delivery salesmen who regularly make the rounds in such resorts as Penn-Sylvan, Pine Forest and Sunshine Park unfailingly play straight men to many a nudist gag. So does the stalwart member who will never admit that the swimming pool is too cold for use, or the weather too chilly for nudist activity. The person who "accidentally" arrives in the nudist park, not knowing where he is, has generated many laughs, so has the too sunburned member who can't sit still Monday morning in an office chair.

The quips are almost endless that the nudists make up and tell about themselves. Notably they are almost never vulgar. They may be anatomical, but if they are they remain within the bounds of the repeatable. A classic of many years standing concerns the young lady nudist who was stuck for a good costume idea for her club's masquerade party. Then inspiration came—she put a raisin in her navel and went as a sugar cookie.

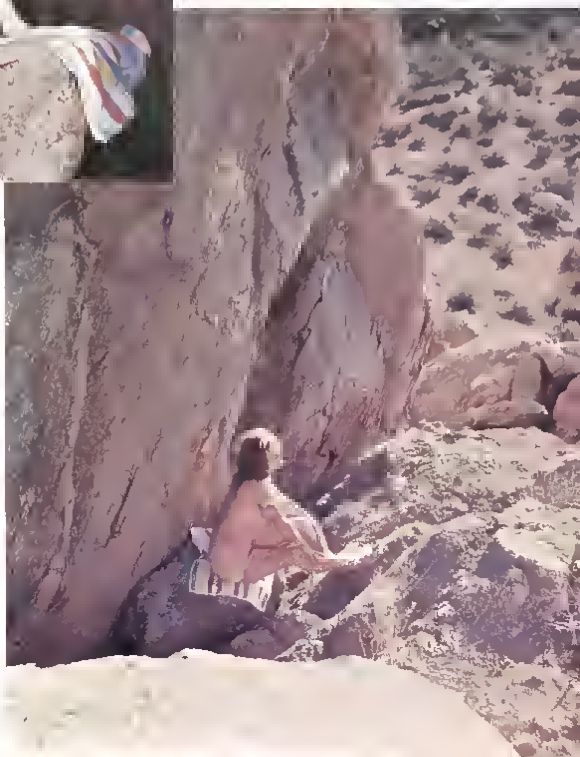
Other favorite subjects for nudist wit are the inevitable volleyball games, vagaries of the weather, newcomers who are conspicuously pale of skin, newsmen who come to cover nudist events, and the lady prude with the binoculars, the type that has been good for a laugh for several generations before this one. Many of the club papers carry cartoon features based on life at camp. One recently pulled still one more switch on the nudist masquerade, the girl this time wore nothing whatever and declared at judging time, "I'm a jay bird!"

There is a point to all this. Some persons still think of the nudist population as being made up solely of either exhibitionists (impossible by the way) or lunatics determined on some sort of mad crusade. Such people, whatever they believe and whatever they do, seldom see the funny side of anything. Most certainly they never see the funny side of themselves.

Nudists are normal people. They live normal lives, hold normal jobs, eat normal food, do all of the usual things and occasionally, get away from it all for a while out in the sun at the nudist resort. When they do, they maintain their sense of balance. They retain their sense of humor. Almost without exception they have the priceless gift of being able to laugh at themselves. So long as they can do this, nudist parks will continue to grow, and still more people will be intrigued into trying this different sort of recreation which has not been allowed to become a fetish. That perhaps is the clue to it all—for there are few things as potent as humor in helping people to know and like one another.

Since nudists are normal people, you may expect to see only normal activities at nudist parks.

Shots taken near famed Riverside Raceway, Riverside, California, in January, 1964. Abundance of natural rock formations in area provide secluded nude sunbathing and hiking. Linda suggested the spot, she goes there frequently.



Married, and the mother of two small children, Linda works as a cosmetologist in Riverside. Having studied cosmetology, she naturally realizes the benefits derived from the sun on skin. At last report, the family was considering joining Olive Dell Ranch.

WE KNOW EVERYTHING COMES OFF BUT WHAT GOES ON?

by Ray Romaine

NUDISM as practiced in any country is relative to the taught culture in that country. That is to say that nudism in Germany is not the same thing that is nudism in America, and so on. Even the most intellectual and emotionally mature person can in no way be said to be separate from the culture in which he was raised. The eminent American philosopher, George Santayana, sees us all as puppets dangling on culture's strings, our actions merely a response to culture's tug, our lips moving in rhyme to culture's voice.

Certainly all members of the species AVERAGE AMERICAN CONFORMIST RAT RACE RUNNER (hereafter to be referred to as AACRRR's) suffer this predicament. Such automatons as they appear to be may possibly have a greater number of strings determining their actions than, say, an emotionally mature professor of philosophy at one of our foremost universities. Be that as it may, it is never more than a matter of degree (the number of determining strings, I mean, not becoming a professor).

Mr. and Mrs. Average American Conformist, busily Running the Rat Race from suburbia to metropolis and back again . . . and again . . . and again, concerned as they are with the rapid-as-possible accumulation of THINGS that will enable them to raise their heads to community level and, fond hope, perhaps even above it, have little time to think beyond the getting of and maintaining of those THINGS to ideas that attach themselves to that lofty realm categorized as philosophical; and if from somewhere out of the mass-media of communications the word "nudism" should confront their eyes or ears, should the manner of its presentation not already have done so, their community installed sense of the rightness of things will have, posthaste and with zip code, demoted the term from the area cerebral to that of the genital.

The title of this little piece purports to be the sum total of Mr. and Mrs. AACRRR's exact knowledge on the subject of nudism, plus the question that by this time, having taken on the heretofore-mentioned genital connotation brightens their normally jaded eyes "What goes on?" (This of course applies only to that segment of AACRRR's who have not already become nudists.)

STAGE I

They approach the subject in this manner.

AXIOM 1. All AACRRR's lift up, take down or completely remove their clothing when they go to the bathroom.

AXIOM 2. Most AACRRR's completely remove their clothing when they partake of sexual relations.

AXIOM 3. No AACRRR completely removes his clothing for any other reason.

PROPOSITION. Nudists spend all their time going to the bathroom and/or partaking of sexual relations.

QUESTION. For this they have a national organization?

CONCLUSION. There must be

more to nudism than this

With a subconscious hitching-up of their trousers, they try a more personal approach

QUESTION: If I (any old AACRRR) went to a nudist colony (at this stage of inquiry, due to superstitious old folklore, a nudist camp, park or resort is still referred to as a colony) what would be my purpose?

PROPOSITION: People go to nudist colonies to see naked women. (Since all female AACRRR's, from observation of their husbands, think naked males are ugly, the females must be forced to go to nudist colonies by their husbands merely as pawns.)

CONCLUSION: The nudist movement is a nationally organized sublimation of the well remembered childhood bargain: "If you show me yours, I'll show you mine."

COROLLARY: Where do I write for information?

STAGE II

We take you now to the home of Mr. and Mrs. AACRRR Potentialnudist. The man of the house has just returned from the attic where, just by coincidence, he discovered an old copy of the *American Sunbather* which he shows to his wife who is intently watching an ABC-TV sports cast and is wondering if the handsome, virile young men who are doing all that running, jumping and swimming, etc., would look ugly in the nude too.

There follows a mutual and exacting perusal of the tattered magazine which proves to be a revelation even to Mr. Potentialnudist (they read one of the articles).

AXIOM 1: He notices . . . that nudism must be good for people because the figures are very shapely.

AXIOM 2: She notices . . . (in self defense) that in the photographs with people in the background, the people in the background are all pretty sloppy.

PROPOSITION: The people in the background outnumber the people in the foreground by about ten to one.

EDITOR'S NOTE: That's on the good days.

In the article they read they are intrigued by a phrase which they, as staunch AACRRR's, have never heard before. The phrase is 'Human Dignity.' They look it up in the dictionary.

QUESTION: If one can't attain human dignity by reaching the position of assistant manager down at the office (as has our hero), and judging by the behavior of the general manager, not even by reaching his position, how is it possible to attain it

merely by the removal of one's clothing?

Although human dignity was the farthest thing from their minds when they first contemplated joining a nudist group, they decide that it deserves further investigation mainly on the grounds that it will serve as a high sounding and handy rationalization of their urge.

They check the directory in the back of the magazine, an exchange of letters follows and the day arrives for their initial visit to a local sun club with the thought provoking name of SINGE U SINNERS!

STAGE III

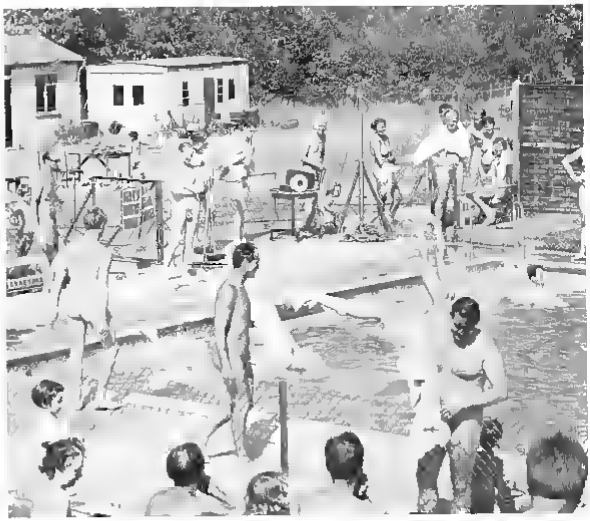
The Average American Conformist Rat Race Runner seldom dares to come out from behind his THINGS let alone from behind his clothes. But after leaving behind his six-lane paypike, his blacktop suburb road and finding himself at a barrier gate on a bush lined mud trail with the prospect in store of having to remove those final claims to status, style and stereotype, his clothes, he has perhaps for the first time in his life, come face to face with HUMANNESS.

Putting up a last ditch stand, they inquire of the camp director a naked and very blown and friendly white man if they can remove their clothing but remain in their HIGH HORSEPOWERED THUNDER CHROME CANTAFORD during their introduction to the grounds. They are informed that the car must be left in the parking lot but that they can remain clothed until after he has shown them the facilities and introduced them to the members unless they choose to do otherwise.

Mr. AACRRR Potentialnudist hits "C" for CONFORMIST at the ascendant thinks, 'What go out there clothed among all those naked people? Never!'

Mrs. AACRRR Potentialnudist, from an identical position but some what ahead of her spouse thinks, 'What go out there sporting snow-white bathing suit marks in front of all those all-over tans? Never!'

The camp director then goes into some detail about the restrictions on behavior enforced by the American Sunbathing Association rules, all of which by inference to related human weakness could be subsumed under a particular heading such as NO DRINKING. DRUNKS ALLOWED and placed on a large sign at the entrance gate. AACRRR's would see no contradiction in such a rule used as they are to an environment in which the causes of negative action are not only confirmed but tenderly



Earthmen

nourished while their effects are taboo.

Moments later we find Mrs. Potentialnudist in slacks and blouse being led by the camp director across a grassy area between a swimming pool and a volleyball court. Her spouse now Mr. Newlynudist follows close behind finding it difficult to maintain his identity as ORGANIZATION MAN equals COMMERCIAL PACKAGE of BRAINS, TALENT and RESOLUTION plus BRIGHT CHAUVANISTIC PERSONALITY. How he is asking himself can one recognize and admire the contents of a package that is wrapperless?

The swimming pool is filled with water and nakedness. The volleyball court is alive with leaping, shouting nakedness. The grassy area is covered with lounge chairs and lounging nakedness. The predominating color over the whole park is tan, tan backs, bellies, bottoms and breasts, tan legs and arms, tan smiling faces of all ages.

SURPRISE 1. Gloriosky Zero! Sure enough, right there in front of everybody the females *are* female and the males *are* male!

SURPRISE 2. So what else is new?

PROPOSITION. Nudists don't have to wear sexually discriminating articles of clothing because it's quite evident which ones are male and which ones are female.

COROLLARY. Why does anybody?

IDLE AFTERTHOUGHT. A nudist vacation would provide total relaxation for a transvestite.

COROLLARY. Why not for conventionalvestites?

After having been introduced to innumerable naked couples Mrs. Potentialnudist finds herself in a double bind. She wishes she had removed her clothing before being paraded around the park blatantly arrayed in slacks and blouse. But having thus made herself conspicuous she now feels that all the members are expectantly waiting to see what she has that demanded a covering and so feels disinclined to undress. She decides to leave immediately and get a better start on the following weekend. She bargains without Mr. Newlynudist who as she might have expected (given the firm basis of their AVERAGE AMERICAN CONFORMIST SADO MASOCHISTIC RELATIONSHIP) refuses.

She returns pouting to the parking lot and the security of their HIGH-HORSEPOWERED THUNDERCHROME CANTAFORD and later upon remembrance of the sight of other snow white bathing suit marks (and some sun pinkened ones too), she sidles nonchalantly and decorously naked through the crowd where with one desperate leap she is swallowed up in the anonymity of the

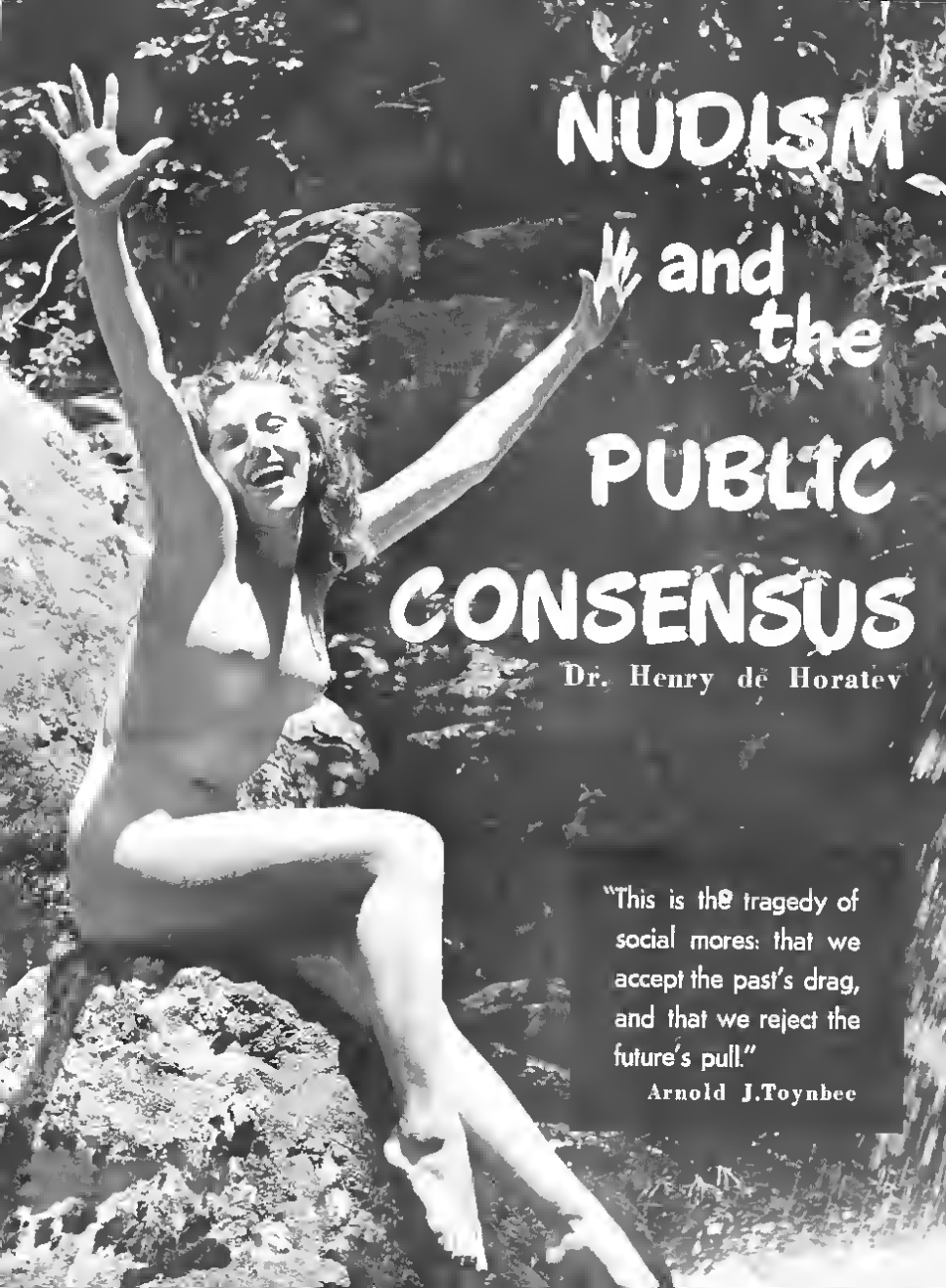
swimming pool Neck-deep in water, she finds herself recognized and accepted and proudly rejoins her husband who is attempting to gain new status by airing his knowledge of nudist philosophy

His remark that going about in the nude gives one a sense of human dignity, excites total apathy in his listeners He tries the one about it being an interesting fact that after all nudism really belongs under the subject heading of "dress," that going nude is not an activity in itself but is merely the logical manner of "dressing" for the occasions of sunbathing, swimming and playing outdoor games He wonders why his listeners are staring at him Undaunted he tries again his voice faltering only slightly as he recites that shame is a painful, negative emotion and anyone who commends it as a virtuous and desirable reaction to any display of the nude human form is a masochist

His listeners incredulously accuse him of *reading* nudist magazines They point to a lone graybeard who is seated on a rock off to one side of the group They inform Mr Newlynudist that he is a writer of nudist articles who has for years been trying to find someone to talk to

Mr Newlynudist shuns the lonely man and timidly inquires of his friends why they are nudists They shrug unawares, then brightening state that they are nudists because they like it Then they suggest a volleyball game

AUTHOR'S FOOTNOTE Intellectuals and non-conformists (which group includes all readers of this article), should they become nudists, would do so because they recognize that nudism is a first simple and obvious step away from our culture imposed alienation of self They know that integration of personality demands total awareness of and acceptance of the intellectual emotional and physical aspects of being □



NUDISM and the PUBLIC CONSENSUS

Dr. Henry de Horatev

"This is the tragedy of social mores: that we accept the past's drag, and that we reject the future's pull."

Arnold J.Toynbee

I HAVE often wondered whether or not Robert Louis Stevenson's great classic would have been the immortal success that it became had he stuck to the original title, The Sea Cook, and not renamed it Treasure Island. And we might find ourselves speculating on the fate of another book would The Tempest have had quite the appeal that it has had since it was first performed in 1611, had Shakespeare set its action anywhere else than on an enchanted island? What is there about islands that makes them so peculiarly attractive? Think of the images conjured up by such names as Capri, Cythera, Antigua, Sarawak, Monkey Island, Easter Island, Ile du Levant, The Virgin and Aegean Islands, Madagascar, Oahu, Tonga, Malta, Bali.

An island by its very nature seems to sum up and symbolize all human longings to find not only a retreat from the din of life's nerve-racking strain and stress, but a safe retreat. Better than any wall of brick or stone, we tell our subconscious, is the eternal wall of water which wraps an island around.

We nudists are in a sense islanders: we practice our beliefs in a free and natural life in the open, usually in nudist parks which are really isolated islands in a world that is by and large governed by a set of rules opposed to nudism. In these "islands" we practice our treasured freedom unhampered and in a security reinforced by mutual assurances and quite often, anonymity.

I venture to suggest that this "island complex" presents a number of problems with regard to our relation to the "mainland" of which we are a part, willy-nilly, through the many ties of occupation, friends, mores, social pressures, religion and culture. Nearly twenty-five centuries ago Hippocrates spoke of the risk of breaking with these ties: "Those things which one has been accustomed to for a long time although worse than the things which one is not accustomed to, usually give less disturbance." In other words, it is easier to conform to one's environment. Don't we nudists know it, who live in a non-nudist environment! A. A. Berle, Jr., a social scientist defines health as "that state of mind and body in which a human being may comfortably carry on effective participation in the environment available to him. This involves a social assumption, because participation assumes human society as a part of environment." Mr. Berle suggests in the October 1961 issue of the *Journal of Religion and Health* (published by the Academy of Religion and Mental Health), Vol. I, No. 1 (p. 56), that we must reckon with a powerful force which he calls "public consensus." It is a body of inherited or transmitted habits of arriving at judgments, conclusions, and public opinion, followed by the great majority of members of the given society. These habits (sometimes strait jackets) began to accumulate in the undatable past. The net result is according to Berle a public consensus that is enforced by the majority. There is, for example, a public consensus against murder, assault, and robbery. In other words, public consensus is not always bad. In its good aspects, it acts as a stabilizer of society. On the other hand, though, when the public consensus is against, e.g., religion (in the USSR), nudism (officially in Spain and Italy, in practice in much of the western world) or Americans (in Cuba), then the "public consensus" imposes a value judgment of (a) a "good" society and (b) a "good" life. Both of these conceptions are philosophical and can be ideological (see Communist interpretations of a "good" and a "bad" society!). The good society and the good life have preoccupied philosophers since the days of Socrates. The totalitarian state, Fascist or Communist imposes only one permissible view of what constitutes the good life and the good society. The mark of a well-developed culture and civilization is a government and a public consensus which can accept pluralism, that is, the fact that there may be many differing, though overlapping conceptions of the good society, the good life, and universal order. To illustrate this in the field of religion the repressive totalitarian state imposes its public consensus, and permits only one religion (Communism in Russia, Catholicism in Spain, Presbyterianism in the Geneva of Calvin's day). The progressive democracy of our American society permits in this field a healthy pluralism (including its lunatic fringe excesses). While in this area the public consensus shows a sign of maturity, there are other areas in

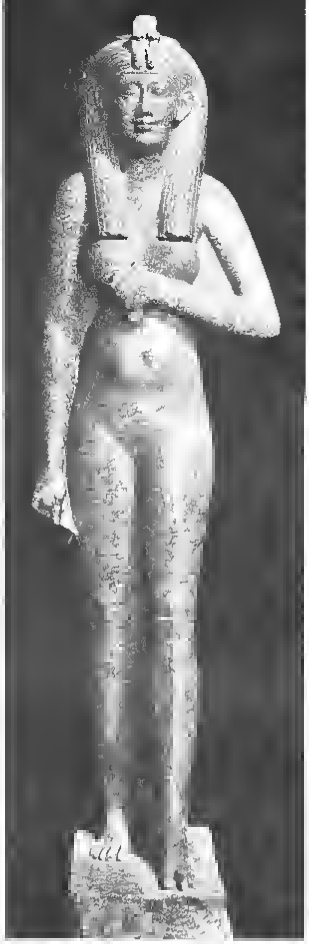
Bob Edwards

which this consensus of the majority could bear some education toward further growth. I have in mind the area of nudism. Here the value-judgment of the American public is still pre-democratic, expressing the mores of a society basically non-pluralistic but puritanical (which, thank heavens, has died out several generations ago!). Unfortunately, the puritanical value-judgments have not faded away sufficiently to blunt the edge of their ability to do harm.

Public opinion has its value and even its power, to have it against one's self is erroneous though it may be at every point. It is painful if it means the opinion of our friends and relatives, harmful if it means the public opinion of other men. Living as nudists in a non-nudist society, it is not enough to have our convictions and our conscience with us, it is good and important to win public opinion to our side. This intangible thing described by the sociologist as public consensus tries to bend all necks beneath its "law." Instead of defying it, we should educate it and, through education, change it.

This brings me to the proper function of nudist public relations. Since we are dealing with a public largely hostile to our nudist convictions, we must avoid maximum friction. We have to exercise much more tact and give much more thought to strategy in this matter than would be the case for example of public relations bureaus of commercial enterprises or civic organizations. All they have to do is to sell their product, idea, or activity. We must do that too, but in addition, we must persuade the public that what we have to sell, the idea and practice of nudism, is not illegal, subversive, anti-religious or immoral. Therefore, with regard to our nudist publications, I would like to make the following observations and possibly recommendations:

1. The hostile public associates nudism with immorality, and lumps nudist magazines together with girlie and sex magazines. We must therefore dissociate the concepts of nudity and immorality by articles that would stress the positive values of nudism from the sociological, philosophical, religious and hygienic points of view. By and large, this is being done especially in this publication. But as regards the nude photography in our magazines, we still have a long way to go. The pages of nudist magazines publish too many pictures of single nude girls in various 'model' poses. This is the area where, with some legitimacy, the hostile public associates our magazines with the girlie literature. We do emphasize social nudism; therefore I am convinced that we would be much more persuasive if our magazines printed many more pictures of groups of nudists of both sexes, young and old, at rest, at sports activities, in swimming pools, etc. Otherwise we must admit the unfortunate possibility that nude photos of single girl models in various attractive and "artistic" poses do serve other benefits and interests besides bringing recruits to nudism.



The concept of nudity has been a proper subject of discussion ever since an unknown artist carved the nude figure of Isis at Egyptian Thebes

2. I think we should aim some of our literary and photographic output at the shapers of public opinion, at those who carry some influence in molding this thing called public consensus; the civic leaders, the teachers, the university professors, the clergymen, the leaders of the business world and of fraternal organizations. . . . Too often have I seen these representatives and their opinions derided in some of our articles. Of course we do not have to agree with them, but let us use the positive approach. Let us show these men—who, generally speaking, have a broader educational foundation than the public at large—that nudism after all, is not a brand new thought and phenomenon, but that, on the contrary, it has some highly respectable antecedents in art (Michelangelo, Titian, Rembrandt, etc.), religion (some of the Hebrew prophets, the Adamiani, the Jains, etc.) that studies of nudity have been made by reputable scholars in the field of sociology, morality, and medicine, and that the concept of nakedness has been a proper subject of discussion ever since the unknown artist carved the nude figure of Isis on the pillar of the Egyptian temple at Thebes, and possibly even before. It is all right to have articles on one's first visit to a nudist park, but this theme has been belabored too often. There are other strings on the harmonious instrument of the nudist way of life.

3. Quite frankly, nudism is a complementary mode of life or ideology, if you will, by which I mean that it is not necessarily opposed to the basic ideological expressions (philosophy, religion) of Western man. This leads me to the third recommendation I wish to make: to the writers of nudist essays: show the reasonableness of nudity and nudism. Public consensus is often, especially in this respect, nothing but unreason which does not even see what unprejudiced good sense sees, and it has the illusion that it 'knows better.' Good sense (here we might add, the good sense of the nudists) identifies the fact of experience with the inevitable truth. And truth is agreement with fact. Let us point out to our public that nudism is much more in agreement with the facts of life and honesty than is puritanism.

At the beginning of this essay I wrote of our "island complex." Allow me to return to this theme. What a world of islands this earth and society of ours is! Just think of the palm-fringed islands of the Pacific, where

the shades of R L Stevenson and Father Damien and Bougainville still exert their magic spell I hope their own peculiar enchantment will never disappear I suppose there will always be a certain type of insularity peculiar to nudism, it has its own charms, too But I hope that, through a proper rethinking and application of a solid public relations program we shall accomplish a much needed breakthrough in our anything but "splendid isolation"

Modern man, committed to the mechanistic ideology of the machine has succeeded in creating a lopsided world, which suppresses whatever does not fit into its predominantly mechanical strait jacket All life rests essentially on a balance between stability and change necessity and freedom Without balance there is a serious defect in life if any proof were needed of that imbalance the increase of neuroses in our civilization would be sufficient documentation Now, the notion of balance has something of the simplicity and naturalness of the conception of the human body as most admirable and beautiful in its nudity, which the Greeks arrived at and made visible in their sculpture I would like to close with a very apropos statement by Mr Lewis Mumford, professor of humanities at Stanford University and member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, who wrote the following words in his 1951 book called *The Condition of Man*

No small human effort before and after the Greeks, has been spent on concealing the human body on decorating it with garments, on mutilating it or scarifying it, on painting it or fantastically tattooing it on altering the natural shape of the head like the Peruvians binding women's feet like the Chinese or carving the face or creating fantastic duck-like lips like the Ubangi, or covering the head with a wig like the Egyptians or the eighteenth century Europeans, on exaggerating the nose or the ears or the buttocks In fine, the Greek notion of letting the body arrive at its full growth without distortion and without concealment finding beauty in its visible harmony and inner rightness was a revolutionary conception To delight in the human body without shame, to enjoy it without adulteration is no simple human prerogative it comes only at the summit of a high culture

To convince the public of this truth is the essential task of our nudist public relations If we do this persuasively only then can we sway the public consensus in our favor □

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OUTDOOR AMERICA CORPORATION

THE MAGAZINE OF NUDIST SOCIAL PHILOSOPHY

Fall Issue

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PARADISE Quarterly is an educational, sociological-science publication produced and distributed for the purpose of advancing the nudist way-of-life for the benefit of mankind by acquainting potential nudists with the principles and advantages of the nudist way of life and by promoting the needed public relations and contemporary cultural and sociological patterns.

PARADISE Quarterly is published four times a year by the Outdoor American Corporation. Subscriptions: 1 year $3.50, 2 years $6.50, 3 years $15.00. Buy first class mail: 1 year $4.90, 2 years $13.30, 3 years $19.25. Address: PARADISE, P.O. Box 7069, Spokane, Wash. 99207. Advertising rates upon request.

IF we study carefully the Christian literature of the early centuries and of the medieval period—and it is often literature which is not too easily accessible—we make a rather surprising discovery that there was practically never a century in which nudism has not been practiced in one region or another. Unfortunately, since nudity in any form was generally condemned by authorities both secular and ecclesiastical, these reports are generally unfavorable to nudism and frequently present a distorted picture of their activities.

Evidences of Early

Let me list here a few examples.

1. The Carpocratians

During the second century there lived in Alexandria a Gnostic teacher named Carpocrates. By birth he was a Jew. He and his family seem to have been converted to Christianity rather early in his career. With his son Epiphanes he established a philosophic school and possibly a monastic community, in which he propagated rather advanced ideas and theories, based mainly upon Platonism. He attempted to combine several notions of Plato's *Republic* with the Christian ideal of human brotherhood. He also taught the transmigration of souls, community of women and goods, and advocated nudism in his "Carpocratian" communities. His son Epiphanes described some of these doctrines and practices in a book called "On Justice." The founders' disciples, known as "Carpocratians," survived till the fourth century. They were rather severely persecuted because of their "licentious ethic," as we may learn from the writings of Irenaeus (*Adversus haereses*, I, xxv), Hippolytus (*Refutatio* vii. 32), and Eusebius (*Ecclesiastical History*, IV, vii, 9).

. The Adamiani

Northern Africa, which during the ... centuries of our era gave to the ... many outstanding Christian ... igen, Tertullian, Saint ... to name but three), pro... cond nudist group known

as the Adamiani. They took their name, obviously, from Adam who, according to the Genesis account, lived with his wife Eve in an innocent state of nudity in the Garden of Eden, prior to their expulsion. The Adamiani, a rather small group, flourished during the second and third centuries They attempted to restore man's primitive innocence in Paradise by introducing nudity of both the sexes in their worship as well as in their communal living. They are perhaps to be identified with a group of "Carpocratians" referred to by St. Clement of Alexandria (*Stromata* III, ii). We should know nothing about this interesting group were it not for the work of St Epiphanius who was born near Eleutheropolis in Palestine about A.D. 315. He founded and for thirty years

Christian and Medieval Nudism

by Rev. Henry Selley, Th.D

governed a monastery near his birthplace and in 367 was elected bishop of Constantia (Salamis), the metropolitan see of Cyprus. He was pious and learned but quite impetuous and excessively zealous. This latter characteristic was evident in his opposition to the Hellenistic culture and to the various "heresies" of his time. He is best known for the work *Panarion* (Medicine Chest, usually known under the Latin title of "Haereses," i.e., Heresies), a refutation of all (eighty!) heresies of antiquity. In spite of a most unsound critique, the work is of great value because of the wealth of quotations from works now lost. This is how we know, through him, of a group of early Christian nudists who were then called Adamiani.

3. The Adamites

The contemporary accounts of religious wars of the Hussite period in Bohemia contain scattered accounts of another nudist group, known as the "Adamites." These are not to be confused with the Adamiani mentioned above. The Adamites established several colonies in central Bohemia. However, in April 1421, after the Calixtine Generalissimo John Ziska captured some of their leaders, the Adamites retreated to the Forest of Valov on the "Picardy Isle" on the River Nezarka, between the towns of Straz and Veseli in Bohemia. There, in order to defend themselves better, they built a wooden stockade. In Borek of Klatovy. In a brutal battle, in which Borek was killed, the Adamites were defeated and some forty of their leaders, men and women, were burned as heretics. "None of these Adamites had any trousers." (Ferdinand Hrejsa, *Dejiny krestonstvi v Ceskoslovensku*, History of Christianity in Czechoslovakia, Prague: Kalich, 1947, Vol. II, pp. 156-158.) Ziska spared the life of only one of them, in order to preserve an account of their history and practice. They claimed to be the followers of Martin Houska, called Loquis, a Hussite priest, who left the mainstream of the Hussite Reformation in order to form a radical Hussite nudist group, the "Brethren of Adam" or "Adamites."

4. The Turlupins

In Flanders, the long discontinuation of "heretical" views comes to an end in 1411, when men and women are sent to the stake at intervals between that year and 1465. The name by which these people are stigmetized is that of "Turlupins" who, according to inquisitors, were "a savage and brutal sect," extirpated thirty years before in Savoy, where they had taken refuge after being expelled from France. They were credited with "gross indecencies, practicing nudity." (Limborch, *History of the Inquisition*, p 113, quoted in Msgr Ronald Knox, *Enthusiasm*, p. 88.)

5. The Quakers

In order to add emphasis to their teaching and to "foretell judgement," the early Quakers ran through the streets completely naked. George Fox was defending this practice in 1652. In 1661, an official report to the government seems to regard it as a common sight in Yorkshire; at least two instances are known in which such demonstrations were made by women, though one of these was not officially a member of the Society. (Bickley, *George Fox and the Early Quakers*, p. 100, 184, 204.) Roger Williams complained, from the New World, that a woman named Deborah Wilson was "constrained," apparently by her fellow members of the Society, to walk naked through the streets of Salem. (Weddington, *Congregational History*, p. 648.) That "going naked for a sign" went unreproved by Fox

and the other leaders is good proof of their loyalty to the doctrine of "the inner light."

And so we could go on and on. We see that the travail of religious and personal liberty is a slow and difficult process. The early centuries of the Christian era as well as more recent centuries produced many martyrs to the cause of nudism.

Additional information about the Adamiani, Adamites, Carpocratians, etc., may be found in *The Oxford Dictionary of the Christian Church*, edited by F L. Cross, (London: Oxford University Press, 1958); and the Schaff-Herzog *Encyclopaedia of Religious Knowledge* (New York: Funk & Wagnalls, 1887). □

VBG 05

ANGEL
GENE PACKWOOD
All the girls talk about at her school is clothes, so she's always at a loss for conversation the first few hours here
Fnd or no fnd it looks indecent to cover your shorts with your shirt! Now get undressed and come down to the pool
Now he's GOT to notice me!

Oh that reminds me! I forgot my Beatle records!

Wishful thinking again°

Mother thinks we've been seeing too much of each other

I'm proving that you CAN take it with you!

the indecency of nudity

THE GRAND SOCIAL

ILLUSION

by Reid Schumacher

"What each man does is based not on direct and certain knowledge, but on pictures made by himself or given to him." -LIPPMANN

ONE does not have to look far into the world of cause and effect to discover that something is amiss in contemporary American social life in the area of sexual orientation. It would appear that both our philosophic outlook on the physical aspect of life is sick and our sociological superstructure listing badly due in no small part to the skewed and warped effects which our orthodox view of human sexuality breeds.

Perhaps from a nudist point of view we need to probe no farther into cause and effect in this matter than to ascertain the mischief created by the prevailing attitude toward nudity. When we do probe our social superstructure to determine the cause of the very bad list we discover that the cause is affecting almost every facet of our social life. In the name of orthodoxy and as a result of orthodoxy pertaining to human nudity our society has done all of the following things: banned books, wrongly imposed majority rule, encouraged hypocrisy toward the law, warped the minds of youth, hopelessly confused political labels such as liberal and conservative, exaggerated sophistication to outlandish degrees, subverted our regard for nonconformity, encouraged juvenile and adult sex delinquency, blurred our epistemological endeavors and practically consigned aesthetics to the garbage can.

Let us start with sophistication. A recent world traveler remarked upon returning home that the most startling thing he observed on his travels was the unsmiling American female. Everywhere else in the world he noted the easy, relaxed laughter and smiles of native peoples, but the American female tourist was conspicuous by her rather tight lipped, overly sophisticated countenance. The American female has been ballyhooed into the world's great sex symbol. But the object of all this Madison Avenue hawkishness finds herself a victim and not the happy recipient of some accolade. The victim likes to think of herself as some sort of princess, what with all this unending attention but instead she has a deep rooted awareness that she may have been pornographically exploited, that her sexuality has been transformed into something to be bartered for on the shopping counter of sophistication. Her naturalness is buried under a mountain of trivia.

Anthropologists tell us that some of the most gloriously happy peoples on the face of the earth are the sun loving peoples of the Polynesian Archipelago of the Pacific basin. They have a different outlook toward nudity, or at least they did have before the advent of western standards. The bare breasted women of Bali are legendary and nudity throughout what is now the Indonesian nation was traditional. How

ironic it is to note that current official government policy in much of this southeast Asian territory is to condemn nudity and to encourage western clothing styles and attitudes Apparently the desire on the part of these underdeveloped areas to industrialize carries the heavy burden of adopting a bankrupt attitude toward human physical decency And not far behind shall emerge the tight lipped countenances of the sexually exploited women whose natural nudity becomes concealed and evolves into a sophisticated sex symbol to be extolled but seen only furtively The well of unhappiness will be that much deeper as the spontaneity of a radiant life in the sun goes behind the clothes curtain

Our own society has advanced the compulsion for such furtive glances at human nudity to a high degree of frustration Recall if you will, the newspaper headlines which you have seen over the past few years concerning heinous crimes committed by very likeable people No more tragic situation exists in this world than the violent sex crimes of adolescent youths whose sole motivation appears to be the desire to view a member of the opposite sex We recall a particularly night marish crime at a Christmas time several years ago when a model boy scout bludgeoned the head of a pretty little red-haired fourteen year old neighborhood girl friend The youth s only explanation was, I wanted to undress her I wanted to see what she looked like I thought I would knock her out first so I could undress her '

As a society we managed to divert this young boy s normal curiosity into a totally misdirected burst of frustration As a maturing young man this adolescent felt that he had a need to see what the other half of the world looked like physically We like to think that he not only had a need but because of that pressing need he had a right But our social orthodoxy denied the right and did nothing about the need The child found himself in the jungle of sex taboo which is our American unhealthy regard for the physical status of human beings A child who was free to look at every other animal bird fish, and flower in its natural state had to resort to wielding an iron pipe to view a member of his own species Had this boy and his family possessed a matter of fact membership in any one of America s many family nudist parks, it would have negated this type of adolescent frustration and provided a wholesome atmosphere within which naturalness would have ruled the day

Put in other terms, this particular boy became a non conformist He refused to go along with the nudity taboo One can hardly approve of such a course of action as he adopted but non conformity has always been one way of solving needs And making people conform, without allaying basic human needs is a sure-fire method of causing social explosions This question of non conformity as a legitimate outlet to satisfy universal needs is closely aligned with several other facets of life—some political, some legal, and some philosophical

Freedom of inquiry is a necessary adjunct of a democratic society This freedom is meaningless if we set aside social areas which are not subject to scrutiny Freedom is also meaningless if one is not accorded the right to embark on tangential thinking and acting In a free society one has a right if not a responsibility, to experiment with the new directions of social activity which free inquiry probes The role of the hypothesis and subsequent experimentation to confirm, deny or modify an original postulation is well recognized as a scientific procedure Since science and society are one and the same thing, it seems axiomatic that our social life will be enhanced or at least be made more interesting by the acceptance of a spirit of responsible free inquiry The only alternative is to freeze the

With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of paradise

Thomas B. Read

Courtesy of AIR FRANCE

People of the Polynesian Archipelago are known for their simple but happy and peaceful life that has been in existence for centuries

American nudists often pay indirect tribute to the Polynesians by a simple beach outing or an elaborate South Seas theme as during the Western Sunbathing Association convention held recently at Lupin Lodge

status quo, to enthrone some type of orthodoxy. Such a codification of orthodoxy puts progress in a straight jacket and creates the nightmarish types of societies which we like to think ourselves above. Thus, it is that freedom of inquiry and its handmaiden, nonconformity, are an integral part of the very best in our Western world. We permit varied social experience to forge our convictions, and we deny this procedure only on pain of a social explosion.

Today, in our society, nudism is nonconformity, and it runs into conflict with a prevalent cliche in the political field, namely, that the majority rules. We are so used to growing up in a society which votes on issues and personalities that we are apt to swallow hook, line, and sinker the idea that majority rule is the beginning and ending of freedom in a democratic society. If the majority feels nudity is wrong, then nudism is wrong. If the majority feels nudity is right, then nudism is right. At all times, we see and hear people attempting to put all issues into the simple little framework of majority rule. Nudism is customarily attacked as a practice which runs counter to the will of the majority and therefore should be stifled.

Several years ago, Professor Richard R. Powell of Columbia University pointed out that majority rule is first and foremost a political rule of thumb—that it belongs exclusively to matters of government and is applied to those political matters where action must be taken when consensus is not forthcoming. . . . When areas of personal creativity and individual spirituality become the concern of majority will, the uniformity which is the life blood of totalitarianism has transcended its democratic balance."

Majority rule has nothing at all to do with deciding an individual's religious preference, his choice of recreation and relaxation, his vocational aspirations, nor his philosophical inclinations. As such, nudism stands beyond the proscriptions of majority rule. It is a philosophical idea with social implications and implementations, to be sure. But nudism doesn't demand mass social participation or a wholesale alteration of our collective social life. Nudism asks for privacy, seclusion, personal commitments, freedom of movement within one's house or fenced yard. Majority rule is obviously out of place within such a framework.

As an outgrowth of this business of majority rule and minority dissent, we see on the one hand the tendency towards censorship and book burning, and on the other hand a tendency towards legalisms and refuge in the fine points of the law in the name of rights. Nudist magazines, of course, epitomize the endless battle waged by minority viewpoints to keep alive the right of unusual social ideas to be heard.

Nudist parks provide the isolated environments which prevent offending society

As a minority, nudists have been subject to adverse criticism by the majority

It is only a rule of thumb but it is a fairly accurate saying that the degree to which a social idea tends to be squelched is a relevant gauge of its social importance. Nudism must rank reasonably high as an important social idea if the efforts made to suppress it are any guide. The misapplication of the majority rule idea is the fountainhead of so many legal battles. We tend to rush to the lawbooks in America to codify a current majority viewpoint. This unfortunately leads to a further legal complication in our daily life. By tending to restrict non-conformity, by restricting freedom of inquiry, by making it illegal to experiment socially, as for example with social nudism, we deprive the law of the integrity which it should have. Government by law is our hallmark as a nation. We obey the law generally even in the absence of anyone to enforce it. This status is achieved only when integrity accrues to law. Legitimate issues are the only grounds for legislation. Where issues can safely be left unresolved or can be ignored altogether, the law has no business being called into play. In such cases, it is far better to operate on individual choices, regional differences, and freedom of experimentation.

The environment which nudists establish for their experiments in social nudity are always isolated to the degree that no one is offended. When in spite of such efforts at privacy the political community insists on legislation in the area of nudism, or when in the absence of a real issue a demagogue invents one with nudism as his rallying point, the respect for the law is lessened. Unwise law, unneeded law, meddlesome law makes hypocrites of us all. The blocking of non-conformity is a matter of tampering with our basic freedom to inquire freely within our democratic society. When that tampering includes creating an artificial environment for human beings and then imposing that artificial environment on all people everywhere—as in the case of restrictive clothing—then society is asking for disrespect of the law. The natural ecology for human beings, fresh air and sunlight, still makes the most reasonable environment for people to enjoy in generous proportions. The mandatory insistence that all people be clothed at all times for all occasions invites a hypocritical attitude toward the law.

As nudists come in contact with the law—frequently in opposition to some local statute—one hears the epithet 'radicals!' Nudism is labeled radical and nudists are called radicals. Crackpot would be a closer synonym of what the public often has in mind. Not infrequently radicalism is associated in the public mind with liberal movements. But that is the trouble with labels: they are blurred when it comes to something as emotionally charged as nudism. Today the

nudist movement is essentially the embodiment of a conservative idea restated in a liberal-conscious age As we noted a few years ago, "There was a time when human nudity amid civilized peoples was not a shocking event In this sense the decency of nudity is an old idea a time honored idea, a time tested idea and therefore a conservative idea by virtue of age and acceptance" Good ideas are often lost track of, only to be rediscovered at a later time As such, the nudist movement may be thought of as an expression of liberal thought, but the thought which nudism is re establishing is merely the mislaid conservative idea that the human form is decent

The fact that a goodly portion of the world does not share the nudist viewpoint arises from a projection of thoughts in the minds of people who have not experienced social nudity and whose only adult experience with nudity has been for purposes of sexual activity Walter Lippmann discussed the theory behind this epistemological dilemma back in 1922 when he wrote "The only feelings that anyone can have about an event he does not experience is the feeling aroused by his mental image of that event That is why until we know what others think they know, we cannot truly understand their acts"

Many people have a mental image of nudism They think they know what social nudism is all about Unfortunately for nudism, there is a totally dissimilar experience between those who know nudism at first hand and those who have never experienced nudism One experience is based on reality, the other experience is merely an exercise in imagination The non nudist jumps to a conclusion about a social movement about which he has experienced nothing except a projected mental image "What each man does" says Lippmann is based not on direct and certain knowledge but on pictures made by himself or given to him and it is these mental pictures which actually constitute an individual's opinions and they also serve as the mainsprings of action

The consequences of faulty mental images are obvious They lead to inaccurate opinions and lead directly to harmful actions Lippmann called this situation the insertion between man and his environment of a pseudo environment But unfortunately when man acts his acts operate not on the pseudo environment of images but on the real environment This is where fiction collides with fact "If behavior is not a practical act but what we call roughly thought or emotion, it may be a long time before there is any noticeable break in the texture of the fictitious world But when the stimulus of pseudo fact results in action on things or other people contradiction soon develops"

These fictitious images are appropos to the nudist movement Most people have fictitious images about nudism but react via law ostracism, ridicule anger or fear as though the fictions were the truth It is a fiction that the human form is physically indecent and it bears no relationship to reality but the fiction collides with the world of reality via faulty mental images of the non-nudist Thus it is that nudism has a bumpy road to travel

It is unfortunate that when objecting to the activities of nudists the world is influenced by its thoughts instead of by an actual experience in social nudity

Philosophically the nudist movement is essentially an attempt to have people come to grips with reality Truth, sanity and good mental health reside on the side of those who are able to conceive and perceive of reality with as few fictions as possible The naturalness and decency of the human physical form exists period But the faulty mental images toward nudity which utterly clutter up our society constitute obstacles of no small magnitude to the nudist movement

As much as by any means the future of the nudist movement will unfold as a story of the success or failure of an educational endeavor Through freedom of inquiry through imaginatively conceived programs embracing sports camping socializing concepts of relaxation and the intellect the nudist story and the nudist awareness of reality and truth will be presented to the population which already possesses faulty images about nudity In its totality this constitutes an educational undertaking As with so many critical areas in modern life success or failure hinges on our faith in a dedicatively executed educational process Education and social nudism advance hand in hand

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle used to put it thusly, "Men usually scorn what they do not understand" To which John Galsworthy had the reply "The value of a sentiment is the amount of sacrifice you are prepared to make for it" These two statements clear the way for what faces the nudist movement

LETTERS ..

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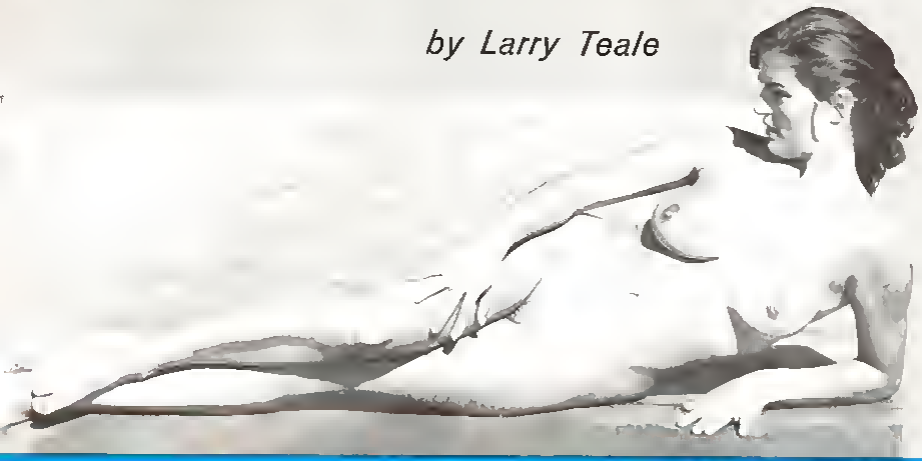
WE GET LETTERS ...

by Larry Teale



Admittance to social nudism is as close as the nearest postbox —or is it? Who you are; whom you write to; what you say—all determine whether you will actually become a nudist—or not.

So far as you are concerned, absolutely nothing that the nudist movehas done to date in the field of publicity and public relations has more significance than the five cent stamp placed on the envelope which replies to your letter of inquiry about the nudist idea For the simple fact of the matter is, unless you happen to have a nudist friend who can pave the way for your entrance into a nudist park, you are sooner or later going to have to face up to the act of writing a letter of inquiry And here the five-cent stamp becomes the magic genie which opens the gate of nudism to you And just at that moment you are going to think a lot about public relations—your public relations

This is a day and age when everyone has been conditioned to think about "images," such as 'one's public image" or "the corporate image" Your decision to write to the nudists will involve two images—yours and theirs

In the first place you want to put your best foot forward You want to be accepted by the nudists And you are not too sure what to say to create a favorable impression We have seen hundreds of first letters to nudist park owners and almost without exception they betray the desire to create a good impression

There will be a good many qualms on your part before you drop the irretrievable letter into Uncle Sam's blue and red letter box. 'Are the nudists really only a bunch of nuts?" "How much on the up and up are their statements of high ideas and idealism?" "What will 'Mother' say if she and Dad find out that their cherished offspring has become a nudist?' "Could I really live down being a nudist in this corner of suburbia?" "How do you suppose those nudists reply to a letter—by sending back a big fat envelope plainly marked 'Nudist Park' in the upper left hand corner?"

And so it goes, doubt after doubt before you even so much as ink a piece of stationery—much less lick the stamp

And your doubts are not in the least bit original Everyone has gone through the same game of "Shall I, or shall I not?"

We've known people who live with mother-in-laws who have "sticky fingers" Life is rather dull for the old girl, and she makes it a point to read the incoming mail—furtively She knows just what the loan company said to you when finances got a bit top heavy and if she stooped to that, why wouldn't she unseal and reseal this nudist reply which you contemplate? People have such problems and the nudists, in all frankness, can't solve such idiosyncracies of family members for you But the chances are, your mother-in-law isn't that type anyway So let's move on to the next area of worry. What about your mail box? Do the neighborhood kids

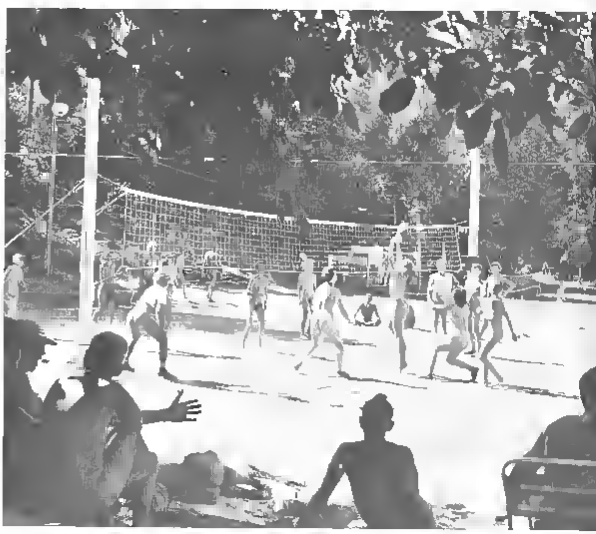
tamper with it? Sure, it's a federal offense, but after all, who ever heard of kids being sent to Alcatraz for lifting mail! Or do you have a sloppy postman, the kind who drops a letter or two almost every week? There is nothing so devastating as having a neighbor ring the front doorbell and deliver to you personally a government check made out to you which the postman dropped three days ago. Or do you recall the time when your long awaited letter just happened to end up in the Smith's mail slot where they kept it for four days? If that happens with ordinary letters, can't you just see that nudist park reply being torn open by some four year old and scattered about the neighborhood?

Well, it could happen! It did to us, once. We have owned and run nudist parks and certainly being known as a nudist didn't upset us very much, but still we like people to be discreet in certain circumstances. One such occasion occurred when we were attending a college summer session and sharing the home of a leading minister, of the largest church in the community. One day, he smilingly handed us the incoming mail and there as big as life was a special red and blue fringed air mail commemorative letter from Suny Rest Nudist Lodge which had a huge rectangular blurb on the left side of the envelope announcing: "This letter was air mailed out of America's leading nudist resort on the occasion of the first flight from its newly opened landing field." Just great! That's all we needed to make our quiet summer school work more inconspicuous! But remember, this happened to us—the other guy—and not to you.

So with your mind now set at ease, you will probably get up the nerve to "project your image" to the nudists. And just how does one do this? Let us give you a bit of advice. First, if you aren't twenty-one years of age, get to be twenty-one at your earliest convenience. It not only helps, but it is absolutely necessary. Secondly, if you aren't married and living with a wife who shares your interest in nudism, it helps immeasurably to get married immediately and to a wife who shares your interest.

If this will prove to be an inconvenience, then so too will be the ignoring of your letter which is bound to happen if you state that you are single or that you are married and your wife absolutely abhors the idea of going nude. Unless the Johnson administration manages to come up with something on the New Frontier there is little real hope for the single person—

The volleyball court is alive with leaping, shouting nakedness, the grassy area is covered with lounge chairs and lounging nakedness



unless you happen (like a science report we just read about mosquitoes) to have been exposed to too much heat in infancy and turned from a male of the species into a female of the species If you are a single female you are practically in Why? Because as everyone knows, it is easier to place a five cent postage stamp on an envelope going to a female than on one going to a male

Fortunately, most people who write to nudist parks understand these dynamics Therefore, they bend over backward to create a jim dandy public image of themselves as they write their letters Almost without exception those who write to nudist parks manage to give the impression that they are "the" pillars of society If they smoke, they usually confess that they have given up the weed; if they drink, they have just recently seen the error of their ways if they are divorced, it wasn't their idea to get married to that particular girl in the first place, if they eat, they eat raw carrots and yogurt, an if they sleep, they don't snore And so after manufacturing a beautiful public image that rather overwhelms—what with so many characteristics rolled up into one—the letter is finally dispatched and the joys of anticipation begin

At the other end of the line is another "public image" This is the image which the national organization has of itself, or if you write to a nudist magazine, it is the image which the editor has of himself or if you did that very foolish thing and wrote directly to a nudist club—there exists a fantastic public image of omnipotence—unlimited power Heaven only knows what will happen to your letter! And heaven isn't doing much talking these days

We do, however, hear screams from the drowning and we would like to share a few with you. It will fortify you during "the long wait"

Screams one lost soul

I would appreciate your notifying all the secretaries of the clubs about answering their correspondence I have sent several letters to groups listed enclosed my return self-addressed envelope Only one has been kind enough to reply Don't the clubs want visitors?

(Ed note This is a moot question.) Cries out another

I have written twice to (Just Lovely) Nudist Club which is not far from where I live but have received no answer Couldn't they at least write saying they have no room for me?

(Ed note Maybe the camp owner's mail box is being tampered with)

Or as one nice couple moaned

We have expressed interest in joining the national association of American nudists, but our past two letters have neither been answered nor denied

(Ed note Who needs members? Our national organization has a staggering budget easily balanced by happy members who just throw their money around)

So you begin to see that you, as the inquirer, are a little bit at a disadvantage when forwarding your public image to those who are quite certain of their omnipotence. You will get a reply if and when they feel like it There are some people on the inside who are working on the foolish proposal to change all of this These people want you to get a reply regardless of the whims or fancy of the nudist club but this is an internal organizational matter which we don't feel that you should be burdened with In lieu of any real explanation just follow our advice

Write a nice sincere letter, enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope, and wait

Don't change your political party affiliation if you get no reply Do not divorce your wife, Don't throw things Do speak nicely to the children If after three weeks, you have gotten no reply and if you wrote to a local nudist park then just do what one of our friends did He assumed that whereas the face on the five cent postage stamp—one George Washington—had failed his own mug beaming on the entrance gate would achieve at least as good a result, perhaps even better It did He simply honked at the nudist park gate, met the owner who sauntered down to answer the call and presented his case After a brief chat, he was admitted and accepted into membership Later, he fell in love with a nudist he met inside—got happily married—and now joins the chorus "Keep those single people out!" Well, not exactly He actually did get married to a fine young nudist girl and is very sympathetic to all people who are up against the shortcomings of this postage-stamp public relations problem □

Human ORNAMENTA

A LESSON FROM PALEONTOLOGY

ONE of World War II's lasting effects on our life was our literary introduction to Ed Ricketts. We met him originally in the book *The Sea of Cortez*, and we have been meeting him off and on at unexpected times ever since. Introductions have usually been provided by John Steinbeck an old friend of Ed Ricketts. Unfortunately, we missed our opportunity to meet Ricketts alive when he was tragically killed in May of 1948 by a fog-shrouded express train at a street crossing just a few blocks from his biology laboratory.

The Sea of Cortez made a distinct impression on our young mind, for almost every page caught our fancy registering as they did a lively interest in nature, freedom, truth, privacy, and unpretentiousness. When the narrative portion of *The Sea of Cortez* was reissued we came to know Ed Ricketts more intimately for John Steinbeck appended a moving profile of his deceased friend.

Much later in our life when we took a mild interest in sloshing about in tide pools of the Pacific Coast we purchased a book entitled *Between Pacific Tides* (Stanford University Press). At the time we never paid any attention to whoever the author was, and so it wasn't until several years after we began using the book as a reference work that we got around to reading the book from the front (we have a habit—not necessarily bad—of reading many books backwards) and discovered that Ed Ricketts was one of the co-authors.

Ed became the "Doc" of John Steinbeck's *Cannery Row*. But for us, Ed Ricketts became a personage whose thoughts have constantly intruded on our provincialism and have quickened our enthusiasm for life in general as we have followed his leads down several new avenues of thought.

One such avenue kindled our interest when Steinbeck, in his profile of Ricketts' *The Log From the Sea of Cortez* (The Viking Press, N.Y., 1963), quotes Ricketts as having said: "It is a rule in paleontology that overarmor, and in over ornamentation are symptoms of extinction in a species."

This is probably the basic thought which John W. Gardner had in mind in his article "The Ever Renewing Society" (*Saturday Review*, January 5, 1963), when he recorded that "Someone has said that the last act of a dying organization is to get out a new and enlarged edition of the rule book. And written rules are the least of the problem."

As individuals living in an age which borders on nuclear disaster and which even in the absence of nuclear war has always been burdened by international arms races, we find ourselves reflecting often about Ricketts' observation about the interrelationship between overarmor and the extinction of a species. As nudists, we are no less engaged by Ricketts' comment about overornamentation and the same end result. We are not qualified in the slightest to document the relationship between overornamentation and extinction but we are eminently qualified to state that there is a relationship between a preoccupation with ornamentation and a social attitude which constricts freedom, limits esthetic horizons, interprets change as a conspiracy to undermine morals, and in general urges a freeze on certain arbitrary notions which have no bearing on reality. Naturally, we are referring to the prevailing myth that the human being is physically obscene and must be clothed (ornamented) in order to confront his environment in both its physical and social aspects. There is an ever tightening circle in which the preoccupation with clothes and the arbitrary dependence of morality on clothes tend to wind our social mainspring. It seems to us that this ever tightening of our social mainspring gets to the same point as when one too tightly winds the mainspring of a watch—the mechanism finally jams. A society so wound up with unreality and blind convention may not exterminate itself, but a strong case might be made for the desirability of its ultimate eclipse by a society possessing a social outlook more commensurate with measuring what is real and what is unreal.

Clothes as ornamentation are real enough, and so are the ideas which prompt the preoccupation with this type of ornamentation. At question is not whether such things and motivations are real, but relatively speaking, how wise are these mental and emotional constructions? Phobias and other irrational fears are all too true as phenomena. We must concern ourselves with the genesis of such dominating phenomena and with a prognosis of where such things will lead. With regard for the human preoccupation with clothes ornamentation—which may be likened to a culturally inspired accretion to the human physical form a sort of hermit crab shell minus the crab's valid reasons—

PHOTO BY ANDRE DE DIENES

ion

we are forced to ask are there not destructive facets galore in the proposition that only our ornamentation will make us decent?

Lawrence Langner's *The Importance of Wearing Clothes* (Hastings House N Y , 1959) [incidentally a book dedicated to John Steinbeck, the friend who encouraged Langner to write it] made a good case for the role which clothes play in motivating various societies Role playing and status symbols are intimately associated with the garments which one wears A cardinal dressed in his scarlet robes looks every inch the role of a prince of the church a turbaned Indian maharajah looks incredibly like a chief potentate and an emperor without his clothes doesn't impress us one little bit! Again however, we must note what the question isn't It isn't a denial of the importance of clothes, rather it is to challenge the destructive path down which a society trods when it attributes total worth to clothes and comes to depend upon clothes as providing the only valid basis for decency We would like to believe that a society which leans that heavily on its ornamentation is on its ultimate way to destruction for all its thoughts about the human form take a negative cast How does one avoid self hate under such circumstances—a self hate which damns the flesh, places sexual propensities in the untenable position of being anti-human and anti-decent and results in such a repressive attitude toward the flesh that a whole world of neurotic conduct emerges?

The nudist position has never been that clothes do not have a role to play in a human society Nudists have simply said that ornamentation should not be carried to such extremes that all contact is lost with reality And the reality which the nudist world wishes to maintain is that we human beings are first and foremost a part of the natural world community and that we depend upon the basic ecological factors of the natural world —air, water and sunlight—and that no apologies need be offered for our human nudity and sexuality, that people of advanced cultures may keep their sophistications of thought without abandoning an easy acceptance of self Indeed the nudist proposition is that a society cannot achieve a healthy mental outlook based upon a philosophy of self denunciation that when clothes become the prima facie of self respect one has lost contact with reality When clothes alone attain respectability while the object which wears the clothes is denied any possibility of achieving a decent status in its own right, then the society which fosters such an attitude approaches a dangerous overdependence on ornamentation and might very well be capable of destroying itself in terms which a biologist understands

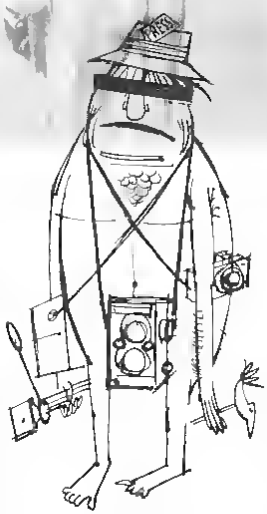
Of late it would appear that our society a clothed society is trying to get out a new and enlarged edition of the rule book as Mr Gardner would say We see a desperate attempt on the part of a variety of social and religious groups to codify once and for all that the human form is physically obscene The rule book includes regulations about all manner of affairs ranging from clothes to reading habits, to school curriculums to postal regulations And alas, as each new nation of Africa and Asia emerges into the so-called community of nations, it looks back upon its former acceptance of nudity as an anachronism Each new society seems to clamor for clothes and rockets in roughly that order Decency seems to elude us just as much as peace and good will

It is told that in 1936 Ed Ricketts escaped from a cannery fire which also destroyed his biological supply house, and took with him only his pants and the manuscript of his book *Between Pacific Tides* Interestingly enough it was noted that 'Later he regretted the pants"

What the whole world needs is one huge cannery row fire in the middle of the night Maybe it could be arranged that we could all escape with our lives but minus our pants We might just discover how important things other than clothes really are □

I AM A FUGITIVE FROM A NUDIST CAMERA...

BY CHRIS BERNARD



MAN WHO QUIT GAME TELLS WHY, REVEALS HEART-BREAKING TRUTHS ABOUT HIS FELLOW-NUDISTS.

YES, I am a fugitive from a nudist camera! I not only laid my camera aside but I boxed it, took it to the local camera shop and sold it. I also sold my enlarger, my light meter, my developing tanks, trays, scale, graduates and all the other paraphernalia. And the decision to "sell out" wasn't particularly hard to make. In fact it was made for me by my fellow nudists. Who were those behind the scenes people who could exert such a powerful influence on my choice of a hobby? You'd be surprised!

There comes to mind the chap whose picture I took several seasons ago while he was swimming frog-like six feet under the crystal clear water of a nudist park pool. Under the rippled surface you really couldn't tell whether it was a man or a large frog. Besides, he was swimming face down. These facts made no difference. This cautious chap insisted that the picture be cleared through him—a mere matter of shipping the print some 500 miles round trip. In addition, an unsigned release had to be forwarded to the camp director for completion. Then after all that bother the fellow worried for several months over the fact that he knew who he was down there under six feet of water, so why wouldn't his boss know?

Obviously I had chosen the wrong subject. If I had been in my right senses I would have let my camera fall from my hands right then as I stood on the end of that diving board and saved myself several subsequent years of mental anguish.

That same summer I met a delightful new nudist family, a mother and a bevy of beautiful daughters. They were all most anxious to be photographed and the mother signed the releases without hesitation. The better part of three leisurely days I spent photographing this delightful group. Fifty flashbulbs later the father arrived at camp. When he got wind of his family's new fame he let loose a thunderous verbal barrage about this "irresponsible unknown" person who was snapshooting his wife and daughters in the nude. This from a newcomer!

Photos

to nudism—while I had been reasonably well known in nudist circles for more than a decade!

Between loud rages and short periods of exhausted calm, the father pleaded with me. He wanted to hang on to his civil service job, which he felt nude pictures of his family splashed about the nation would surely wreck. Even though the releases had been duly signed, we reached a compromise. I agreed to release for publication only the back views of mother and the girls. A few months later I opened a nudist magazine and there in full page blow ups was this coy nudist family with captions reading 'Queen of This and Princess of That' spread all over several pages of the magazine with nary a back view in evidence. Subsequent issues of this and other nudist magazines were equally graced by this delightful though to me somewhat unpredictable family.

Then there was the time I spent about four days at camp prior to the opening of a convention getting decorations ready. A perfectly charming couple spent a day or so assisting me and we had the opportunity to talk about many things, including the fact that the nudist pictures that I took were always for publication. They agreed to help out in some pictures providing only their back and side views were posed. Five months later the screams came! How on earth did their pictures get into a national nudist magazine?

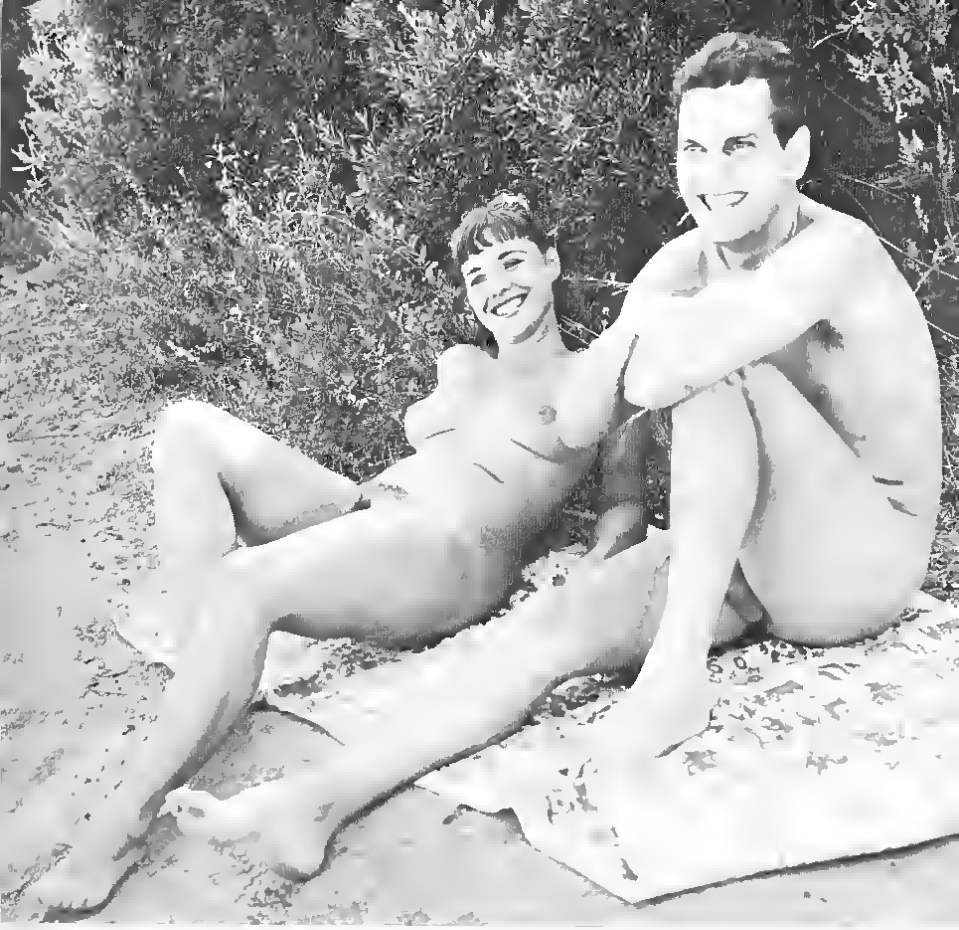
This was the straw that broke the camel's back. Christmas was almost upon me. Summer was sufficiently in the past for me to make an easy decision. I sold out." Photography wasn't worth the bother not even to promote nudism.

These experiences are only a sampling of the need for 'learning to parry the thrust' that a nudist photographer runs into. Other photogs I know don't even bother to take "authentic" nudist pics any longer. They come to camp with a paid professional model, take the shots they need to back up a story and go home without bothering anyone or anything. These photographers are brilliant people who have knifed through to the heart of the problem. Roughly, their premise is: nudists merely foul up the detail, side step them completely. I've gotten to the point where I really appreciate a nudist picture that utilizes a paid model. I know the photographer has kept red tape to a minimum and the only howls come in letters to the editor.

Other drawbacks often develop in the nudist picture taking business. Does it happen to you or only to me? Every time I'd photograph an outstanding nudist couple, they'd get a divorce! This is ironic because on the national average, nudists are head and shoulders above the norm for staying married and raising happy families. But the fact remains. Cupid has run out on some of my best couple shots. To the morgue go the prints.

Also, of course, there is the problem of that army of unphotogenic volunteers who are only too willing to get into a picture but who feel hurt

Plagued by a spate of
backsides and hidden faces,
a dearth of willing subjects,
and a rash of untimely divorces,
this nudist photographer says
"I sold out"
Camera, light meter
tanks and trays are gone
But the one thing
a photographer cannot
throw away, discard
or even entrust to a friend...
the release file
The dream may be shattered
but
the release file
lingers on!



unless they are front and center I don't like to hurt feelings any more than the next guy and frankly it makes my ulcer act up to have to navigate such people to the background time and again

One other thing I should mention before I wind up this tale of woe My wife isn't a glamor girl She's exactly the opposite Every other nudist photographer I know has a shapely spouse whom he uses in practically every picture This is a great boon to an aspiring nudist photographer Naturally I have one course open I could divorce my wife and try again But I don't know She's really a nice person even though she's old-fashioned enough to cook sew and make a very pleasant home life for me I have to consider too that she is a wonderful mother Yet, I must admit that when I see the photographic advantages of having a "model" wife, it's enough to make me wonder if divorce might not be the answer On the other hand, the state I live in goes hog-wild in favor of the wife and children in any court settlements I think my decision to throw in my camera was wise

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Naturally, I need some sort of hobby to replace picture taking. Today, I'm studying wildflowers in season and the nocturnal habits of the California lynx.

No, I don't take nudist pictures any more. I don't own a camera and I don't have a light meter. But the one thing I can't throw away, the one thing I can't discard, the one thing I can't entrust to a friend, the one thing that will burden me forever, is my bulging file of photographic releases. In this world of red tape, the dream is shattered but the paper work lingers on. □

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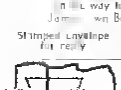

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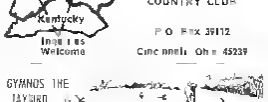

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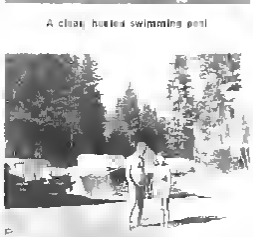

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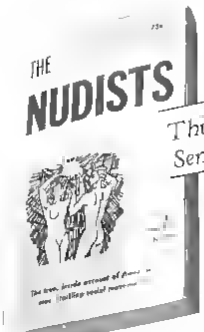

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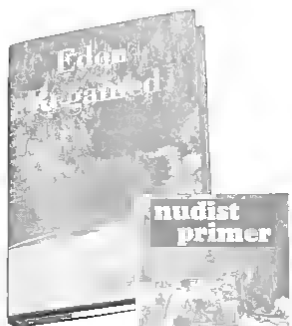

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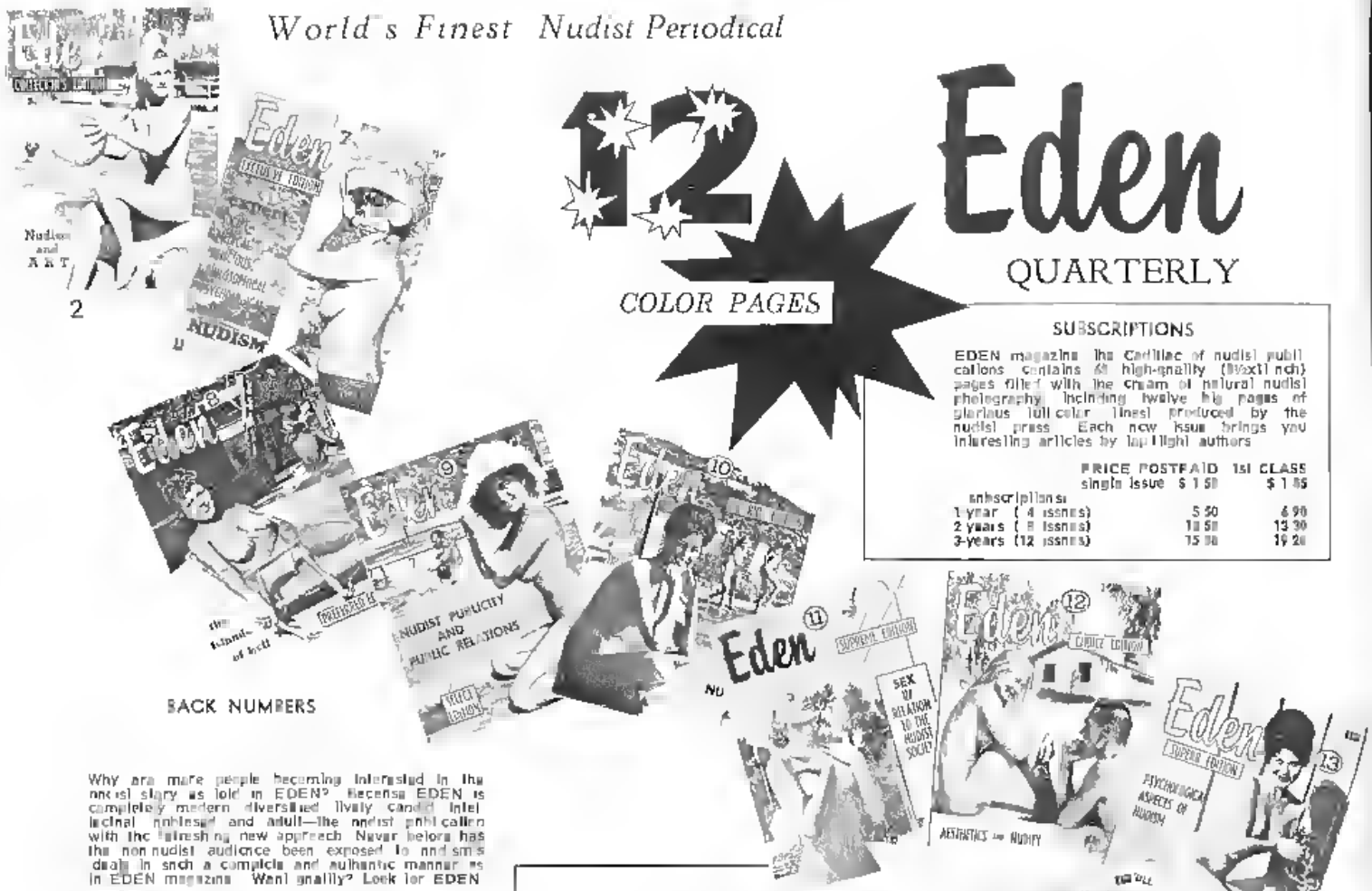

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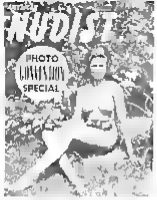

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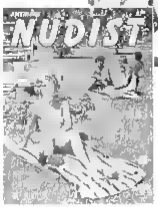

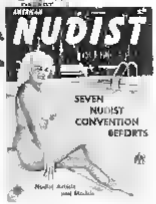

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When NUDE WORLD was an infant it contained only 28 pages per issue. You can still get two of these babies (issues 2 and 3). They contained real as the current and future NUDE WORLD nudist news from around the world. Order today—the supply is limited.

	PRICE POSTPAID	1st CLASS
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COLOR PAGES

SUBSCRIPTIONS

NUDE WORLD contains stimulating articles about nudist beaches, islands, clubs and events from around the world. Visit Canada, Denmark, Andorra, France, Germany, Scotland, New Zealand, Australia, the United States, etc. Each new 40 page issue (size 8½x11 inch) is filled with color and on the spot pictorial photography.

subscriptions:	PRICE POSTPAID single issue $ 1 25	1st CLASS $ 1 [illegible]
1 year (4 issues)	4 50	5 50
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INTERNATIONAL NUDISM

40 PAGE — BACK NUMBERS

Like to travel? Take a trip to nudist resorts, villas and camps located around the world via NUDE WORLD magazine. Each issue contains 40 big (8½x11 inch) pages bringing you nudism and pictorial information direct from countries big and small. Switzerland, Mexico, Hungary, India, Belgium, England, etc. Unrelated by geographic location, language or mores, these attractive illustrated articles are supplemented by the world's top pictorial nudist photography. Enjoy NUDE WORLD magazine today.

	PRICE POSTPAID	1st CLASS
single issue	$1 00	$1 30
Any 4 back numbers	3 50	4 70
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2 3

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Spokane Mail Order Co., Box 7069, Spokane, Wash. 99209

The Naturist Back Issues. (MONTHLY)

Now you may select your back issues of *The Naturist* by sight and learn more about nudism abroad. Long popular in England, *The Naturist* is now being published in the United States with changes from the original English magazine. The articles and illustrations from the British clubs are the same as those appearing in the English version of *The Naturist*.

NOTE: These big 18-page monthly issues of *The Naturist* are no longer published. Facts about the current, quarterly issues of *The Naturist* are on catalog page four.

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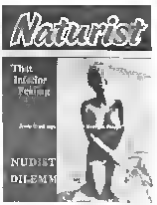

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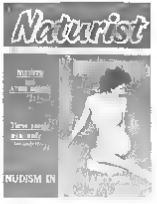

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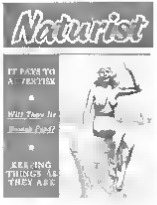

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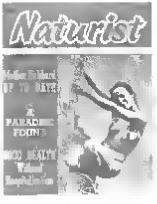

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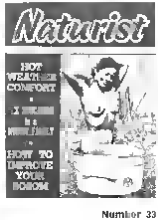

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Choose the back numbers of *The Naturist* you desire and when preparing the order please include the number of the issue found under each of the illustrations you select.

Single magazine Postpaid	50c	By First Class Mail	65c
Save $1.00 by ordering 6 back issues, Only	$2.00	By First Class Mail	$2.90
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EDEN magazine, the Cadillac of nudist publications, contains 68 high-quality (8"x11") inch pages filled with the cream of natural nudist photography, including twelve big pages of glorious full-color finest produced by the nudist press. Each new issue brings you interesting articles by top flight authors.

	PRICE POSTPAID single issue $ 1.50	1st CLASS $ 1.65
subscriptions:		
1 year (4 issues)	5.50	6.00
2-years (8 issues)	10.50	12.00
3-years (12 issues)	15.00	19.20

The joy once known to Adam and Eve in their PARADISE can now be approached by reading PARADISE magazine, and even more by living a nude life. Each big 68 page (size 8½x11 inch) PARADISE contains top nudist stories and photography with eight dynamic full-color pages adding beauty to each issue.

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3 years (12 issues)	15.00	19.20

Nudism in the sun is fun and each new issue of SUN FUN features informative yet humorous stories and numerous natural illustrations depicting nudism at its active fun-filled best. Beginning with SUN FUN 7, each big 68 page issue (size 8½x11 inch) will contain eight lovely pages of full color photography.

	PRICE POSTPAID single issue $ 1.50	1st CLASS $ 1.65
subscriptions:		
1 year (4 issues)	5.50	6.00
2 years (8 issues)	10.50	12.00
3-years (12 issues)	15.00	19.20

From the Bona Fide Nudist Press

THE BIG SEVEN

NUDE WORLD contains stimulating articles about nudist beaches, islands, clubs and events from around the world. Visit Canada, Denmark, Austria, France, Germany, Scotland, New Zealand, Australia, the United States, etc. Each new 68 page (size 8½x11 inch) issue contains lots of on-the-spot natural photography.

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3 years (12 issues)	12.00	16.20

The 40 large pages of each NATURIST magazine (size 8½x11 inch) are packed with naturally illustrated stories from and about the British sun clubs. Health and physical culture articles for better nude living are also well-illustrated to give you a better insight into this wholesome way of life.

	PRICE POSTPAID single issue $ 1.25	1st CLASS $ 1.65
subscriptions:		
1 year (4 issues)	4.50	5.10
2 years (8 issues)	8.50	11.70
3-years (12 issues)	12.60	16.80

The AMERICAN NUDIST quarterly is a composite of three prior American Sunbather magazines. It also includes new material. Sixty-eight 8½x11 inch pages covering the American nudist scene with news of events, conventions, clubs, contests, etc. Each story generously illustrated with the finest in nudist photography. Contains twenty or more pages of the very finest four color pictures to be found anywhere. Looking at these pictures it seems almost as though you are there in person.

	PRICE POSTPAID single issue $ 2.00	1st CLASS $ 2.40
subscriptions:		
1 year (4 issues)	7.50	9.00

SUBSCRIPTIONS

All AMERICAN SUNBATHER stories are edited and illustrations selected for nudists in this the Official Magazine of the American Health Association. The 32 big 8½x11 inch pages of each issue contain factual reports of American nudist conventions, meetings, social affairs and events by America's top nudist writers.

	PRICE POSTPAID single issue $ 1.00	1st CLASS $ 1.20
subscriptions:		
1 year (12 issues)	10.00	12.00
2 years (24 issues)	19.00	23.00
3-years (36 issues)	28.00	35.20

Order from Spokane Mail Order Company, Box 7069, Spokane, Wash. 99209

It's Only Natural
by Merwin Mounce
$2.50
32
Four-Color Pages

PARADISE is brilliant, golden autumn-tinted foliage held aloft by slender, white-barked aspens. This striking Eastern Idaho scene from a color transparency by Ray Atkeson.

He thought they were pulling his leg-But they were only tugging at his heart strings!

TOP-PIX MAGAZINE. INC.
1231 Badison Ave New York, N.Y.

July 27, 1964

Mr. Reed Wright
Route 2 - Box 78
Dead Skunk Arizona

Dear Reed:

Here's another assignment for you -- one I think you'll enjoy.

I want you to cover the OUTDOOR HEALTH & EXERCISING SOCIETY convention to be held August 14-20 at the Blue Lake Ranch Resort near San Tan Cal--ifornia. Give me plenty of copy on this as well as pix; so gather your paraphernalia and get up there you lazy bum!

When you reach San Tan, phone a Mr. Dobbs at 471-ring two. He'll escort you to the resort.

Cordially,
Gil Robb, EDITOR

P.S. I didn't like your "bair" piece at all; however, I'm in deeperate need of a fill for our November issue, which is the reason for the enclosed check.

August 12, 1964

Mr. Gilbert Robb
TOP-PIX MAGAZINE
1234 Badison Ave.
New York, N.Y.

Dear Gil:

Regarding the assignment given me in your letter of July 27 -- you must be kidding. YOU HAVE TO BE KIDDING!!!

On arriving in San Tan, I phoned Mr. Dobbs at 471-ring two. He directed me to his house, whereupon we proceeded to the Blue River Ranch Resort -- some twenty minutes drive from San Tan.

Once inside the gate, Mr. Dobbs requested that I stop the car and (now hang onto your blue pencil, Gil) -- he suggested I "disrobe," as he put it. You got that? HE WANTED ME TO TAKE OFF ALL MY CLOTHES!

At first I thought that this white-haired gentleman was pulling my leg -- until I saw his unabashed strip-tease. Then I knew: the old boy was serious!

"What is this?" I asked him.

"It's the rules," he informed me.

"Ru-les," I stammered.

"Yes, Mr. Reed."

"Wright," I corrected him.

"Good," he said, "then you do understand."

"No!" I exclaimed. "Am I expected to-- I mean, do you think I'm going to--"

His eyes registered surprise. "Didn't Mr. Robb tell you?"

"Not that I'd have to take off my clothes. What is this; one of those nudist colonies?"

My question appeared to wound him. He looked, suddenly, profoundly unhappy. "Please," he spoke soberly, "- resort, camp, perk -- not colony."

"I'm sorry," I said, embarrassed. He seemed like a nice sort of fella and I hadn't meant to offend him.

He explained, "I guess I'm more sensitive about that word than most nudiste. You see, it's taken me eight years to turn this property into a first class resort -- it's my pride and joy."

"I can understand that," I remarked, sincerely.

"I'm honored that the Society chose

Blue Lake for this years convention. I'm sure you'll find it pleasant here, Mr. Reed."

"Wri- that is, look: I'm sure you have a very nice place here and thet the convention will be a notable success; only I'm no nudist. In fact I'm an extremely modest fallow, believe me. The only time I ever cavort in my birthday suit is when I take a shower. Even then, I feel sometimes as if I should be wearing swimming trunks. So you see, it just won't work. As fer as I'm concerned, if I have to take off my clothes, this esceignment is finis."

His head shook, sympathetically. "Too bad," he muttered. "It's a shame."

I narrowed my eyes, regarding him quizzically. "You say that as if I'm suffering from a fatal disease."

"I meant," he responded instantly, "that you haven't any idea of what you're missing."

"Perhaps," I said, skepticism evident in my tone. "But if I ran around here without any clothes on, I'd sure have an idea what I was missing."

"Mr. Reed, I assure you, it's not at all the way your thinking."

How did he know what I was thinking, I asked myself? Was he a mind reader, too? Holy Cow, in this place members not only denuded their bodies, they tried to denude your mind as well!

"You may be right, Mr. Dobbs," I said, finally. "Still, this sort of thing isn't for me."

"Well if you earnestly feel that way about it-"

"I do."

He gathered his clothes, then opened the car door and stepped out into the warm sunshine. "I regret that you traveled such a long distance for nothing. I suppose you'll be returning at once to New York?"

"New York? No, I'm afraid you've drawn the wrong conclusion. I'm from Dead Skunk."

"Where?"

"Oh uh, that's in Arizona. See T-P's editorial office is in New York; but they have a stable of p.j's all over the world. I drove up from Dead Skunk."

Then this car is yours. I'd thought you'd rented it somewhere."

"No- by the way; will you have any trouble getting back to town?"

"Oh, no," he smiled, "I'll find someone to drive me back. You're sure you won't change your mind?"

I shook my head.

"Well then," he said, "good luck."

He pushed the car door closed, then started toward a wooded area, his clothes draped neatly over one arm. I watched him advance down a narrow path, and I began to feel like a peeping Tom or something.

Quickly, I started the motor humming and proceeded on my way back to San Tan.

That's it, Gil. I'm staying at The Hotel San Tan and perhaps I'll stick around here a few more days. This is a beautiful section of the country, so I thought I might spend some time taking in the scenery. If you can't reach me here though, try The Plaza in Hollywood. I was thinking of driving into L.A. Hay, maybe I could do a piece on the new Hollywood Boulevard! You like it?

Sincerely,
Reed

P.S. I'll be expecting my usual one-third guarantee very soon. I figure by the time I leave L.A., I'll be busted.

WESTERN UNION

TELEGRAM

NEW YORK CITY AUG. 15, 1964 1015AME

REED WRIGHT, DLR 830AMP
HOTEL SAN TAN
SAN TAN, CALIF.

GUARANTEE? FOR WHAT? ASSIGNED YOU TO STORY AND YOU DIDN'T FOLLOW THRU. NUTS TO HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD. GET PIECE I WANTED - NO EXCUSES. OTHERWISE YOU'VE HAD IT.

GIL

A convention was swinging all right there were cars—jammed fender to fender

Hotel San Tan

Reasonable Rates, Comfort, Pool

August 16, 1964

Mr. Gilbert Robb, EDITOR
TOP-PIX MAGAZINE
1234 Badison Ave.
New York, N.Y.

Dear Gilbert:

Okay, OKAY, don't get excited!

After receiving your telegram, I phoned Mr. Dobbs again at 471-ring two. I told him I'd changed my mind and that I'd cover the convention after all.

"I'm glad you've reconsidered," he said.

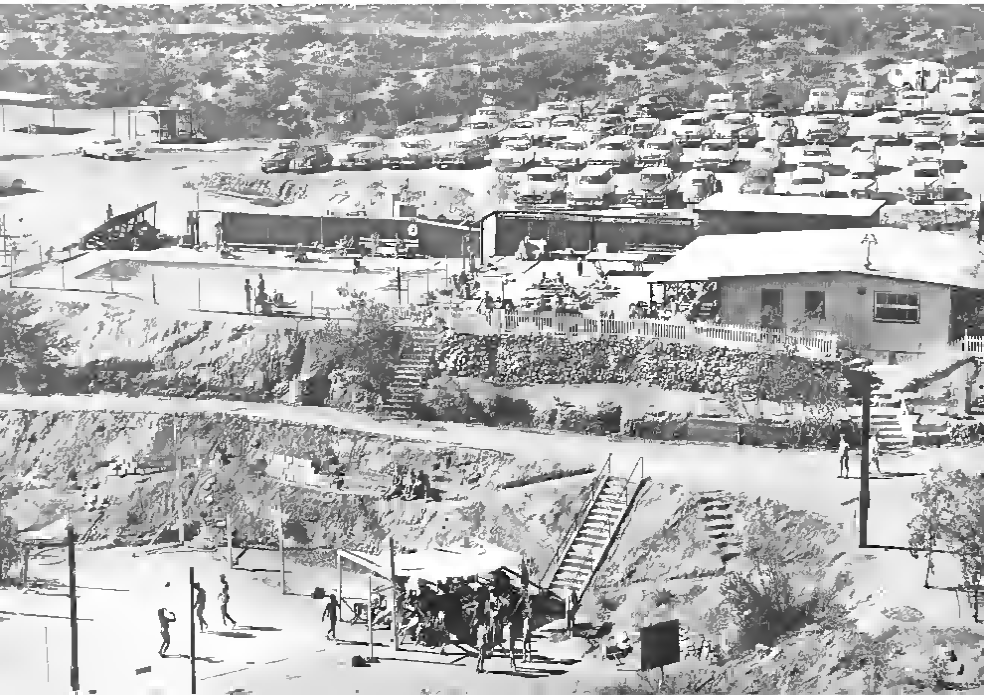
"You might say that," I commented. I checked my watch. "Look, it's nine-thirty now -- what say I pick you up in an hour?"

"That'll be fine."

So an hour later, Mr. Dobbs and I were together once more, heading for Blue Lake. All the way out there, my hands felt moist as I grapped the wheel. Some wild bongo player was pounding on my heart. It seemed like that, anyway. Could I do it, could I do it? My mind ran like a monotonous neon flashing the same words over and over again.

At last I drove through the gate and parked near the familiar wooded area, only this time closer to the path. There was a convention swinging here all right; there were enough cars around - jammed fender to fender - to open a large automobile dealership. Dead Skunk was never like this.

The undressing bit wasn't disconcerting -- it was when I had to leave the privacy of my car that I felt my skin flush and goose bumps emerge. Dobbs led the way. I followed, sheepishly, my camera case and gadget bag dangling from the straps slung over my shoulder. At least I was wearing something.



As we approached the end of the path, I could see a clearing ahead. And people. Men, women, children, all of them — well what you'd expect in an establishment of this nature.

For a moment, I panicked, wanting to flee. In the opposite direction, of course. I realized, however, that I'd have to see it through.

Closing my eyes, I drew a deep breath, and sensed presently that I was among the naked throng. I heard voices calling from every direction.

"Good morning, Jim!"

"Hi, Jim!"

"Hey, Jim—good game your team played yesterday!"

I heard Dobbs reply, "Gonna win today, too."

"Wanna bet?"

Finally, I mustered the courage to open my eyes. So here I was, and there they were, and what I had expected to feel, didn't occur. In fact, I felt

I could see a clearing ahead And people Men, women children and all of them—nude!

I had worked only with posed models before; fortunately Ted disclosed a few secrets on how to shoot nudist photos